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To Teachers and the Public.

Among the numerous testimonials from distinguished sources in favor of the present work, the publishers select the following, as being all-sufficient to satisfy the public of its superior merits and adaptation to the purposes of rhe torical instruction in the United States.

Teachers, who may wish to examine this work with a view to its introduction into their schools, will be gratuitously furnished with copies, on applying at the Publication Office of J. C. Riker, 129 Fulton Street, New-York.

From Charles Anthon, L.L.D., Jay-Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York, &c. &c.

New York, Feb. 17th, 1844.

I have received your edition of Knowles's Elocutionist, and am of opinion that it will form a very useful work for young scholars. The great evil under which publications of this kind labor is *a superabundance of rules and directions, only tending to produce confusion.* I congratulate you on having so successfully avoided this, and on having produced so excellent a guide in a most important department of education.

From the Hon. Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina.

The selections strike me as being more apt and judicious than those which are to be found in any similar work since Scott's Lessons. The study of it cannot fail to inform the mind and cultivate the taste of youth; while, in the hands of a competent instructor, it is an admirable collection of examples for reading and enunciation.

From the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, of New York.

The rhetorical instruction as to reading, delivery, emphasis, &c. is excellent. All that is valuable in Walker and the works of other teachers of the art, seems to be embodied here; while much that encumbered them is judiciously omitted. The new selections for reading and declamation are made with taste and skill, and cannot but be found more interesting, and therefore more useful to the young American student, than those that have so long and so uniformly filled up works of this nature, most of which, excellent in themselves, have (as Charles Lamb complains somewhere of one of the very finest of them) been so long "handled and pawed," as to become quite dead for any purpose of interest or excitement.

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ENLARGED AND ADAPTED TO THE PURPOSES OF INSTRUCTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY EPES SARGENT.

STEREOTYPE EDITION. REVISED BY

S. S. RANDALL,

Assistant Superintendent of Common Schools in the State of New York.

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PREFACE

BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

THE essential rules of elocution are few and simple. Nothing can be more unprofitable and useless than most of the complicate treatises that have been written on the subject. As well might we manufacture a great poet through the aid of the rules of Aristotle, as an accomplished speaker by initiation into the mysteries of "intensive slides," "absolute emphatic stress," "penultimate pauses," and the whole arbitrary nomenclature, which has been introduced into some of our rhetorical school-books. Goethe says:

> "Reason and honest feeling want no arts
> Of utterance—ask no toil of elocution;
> If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive;
> If from the soul the language does not come,
> By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
> Of hearers, with communicated power,
> In vain you strive—in vain you study earnestly!"

How true is all this! And yet, in some of our books of selections for reading in schools, we have "a key of rhetorical notation" attached to the pieces, informing the reader when to raise his voice and when to lower it—

when to enunciate quickly and when slowly—when to assume a severe and when a plaintive tone. The effect of a slavish adherence to such instructions, must be fatal to the development of all original power in the pupil; and the system itself cannot but often seem tedious and impertinent to the teacher.

"I am convinced," says Mr. Knowles, "that a *nice* attention to rhetorical punctuation, has an extremely mischievous tendency, and is totally inconsistent with nature. Give the sense of what you read—MIND is the thing. Pauses are essential only where the omission would *obscure the sense.* The orator, who, in the act of delivering himself, is studiously solicitous about parcelling his words, is sure to leave the best part of his work undone. He delivers words, not thoughts. *Deliver thoughts, and words will take care enough of themselves.*"

In the present work we have given the Principles of Elocution and the Theory of Inflection, simplified and divested of all unnecessary complexity. In addition to our obligations to Mr. Knowles, in the preparation of this introductory matter, we owe a debt of acknowledgment to Mr. Alexander Bell, of London, Professor of Elocution, from whose Practical Elocutionist, recently published, we have borrowed many useful hints. An excellent work from the press of W. and R. Chambers, of Edinburgh, entitled "Principles of Elocution, by William Graham, Teacher of Elocution," has also supplied us with many judicious suggestions. Indeed, all the available instruction in the art of reading and speaking, which, in the opinion of the best elocutionary teachers of the present day in Europe, it is deemed possible to convey by means of written rules, has been compressed into our introductory analysis.

When we originally selected Mr. Knowles's "Elocutionist" for re-publication, it was with the intention of putting it forth with but few additions and alterations of our own. But, on a more mature examination, we found that so much that was more appropriate to the tastes and wants of American youth might be substituted, that we determined to remodel the work entirely, retaining the name, the general plan, and such a portion of the selections, as were of universal interest and perpetual value. If the reader therefore finds many of those unsurpassed and ever-favourite, though familiar models of elocution, interspersed through the volume, he will also find, that more than two-thirds of the contents consist of pieces, that have never before enriched any elocutionary collection.

The work is now respectfully submitted to the attention of teachers throughout the United States, in the confident belief that it will be found a useful and congenial auxiliary in the task of elocutionary instruction—that the moral character of the pieces is throughout blameless and pure —and that the essential Principles of Elocution are explained in a manner at once simple, concise and explicit.

We cannot more appropriately conclude our observations than in the language of Mr. Knowles: "Having thus briefly stated the grounds upon which the superiority of this edition is founded, the compiler remarks, that, notwithstanding the attention which he has bestowed upon the Introduction, he would be far from recommending to the student a slavish attention to system. Nothing should be allowed to supersede Nature. Let her, therefore, stand in the foreground. The reader abuses his art, who betrays, by his delivery, that he enunciates by rule. Emotion is the thing. One flush of passion upon the cheek—one beam of feeling from the eye—one thrilling note of sensi-

bility from the tongue—one stroke of hearty emphasis from the arm—have a thousand times the value of the most masterly exemplification of all the rules, that all the rhetoricians, of both ancient and modern times, have given us, for the government of the voice—when that exemplification is unaccompanied by such adjuncts.

"The compiler has not attached to this collection any system of pronunciation; as pronunciation is better, because more amply, taught in dictionaries.

"He has also differed from all his predecessors, in not attempting to give a description of the principal passions; and for this plain reason—No man who really feels a passion can err in his delineation of it; and he concludes these few preliminary remarks, with one brief recommendation, which he conceives to include all that is *essential* in delivery———BE IN EARNEST."

NEW-YORK, 1844.

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THE ELOCUTIONIST.

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION, as a department of ornamental education, is the art of speaking and reading according to a certain established standard of elegance. Instruction in the art may be said to have two objects, good colloquial or conversational speech, and the power of reading aloud and making formal addresses with effect. Some persons, when called upon to read or speak before a considerable multitude, deliver themselves in an ungainly manner; while others charm all who are present. It must be obvious, that to bring out the best powers of the voice, and extend the gift of agreeable speaking beyond the comparatively small circle in which it is usually found, are objects of considerable importance.

Elocution is divided into—

I. ARTICULATION and PRONUNCIATION; under which are comprehended, distinctness, force, and freedom from provincialisms.

II. INFLECTION and MODULATION, which have a regard to the slides, shifts, and pauses of the voice, natural to certain constructions of language, and suited, with other modifications of the voice, as to force, height, and time, to the expression of certain sentiments and passions.

III. EMPHASIS, which is to be guided by the comparative importance of words in a sentence.

IV. GESTURE, comprehending those attitudes, motions, and looks, which are suitable to certain passions, and lend force or embellishment to the meaning of the speaker

I. ARTICULATION.

"Speech," says Channing, "is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to exchange it for other mind Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigour may, for want of the faculty of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. Our social rank, too, depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar, lies in this: that the latter are awkward in manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and ease of utterance."

A good articulation consists in giving every letter in a syllable its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved custom of pronouncing it, and in making such a distinction between the syllables, of which words are composed, that the ear shall, without difficulty, acknowledge their number, and perceive, at once, to which syllable each letter belongs. Where these points are not observed, the articulation is proportionally defective.

Correct articulation is the most important exercise of the voice and of the organs of speech. A public speaker, possessed only of a moderate voice, if he articulate correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates without judgment. The voice of the latter may, indeed, extend to a considerable distance; but, the sound is dissipated in confusion; of the former voice, not the smallest vibration is wasted; every stroke is perceived at the utmost distance to which it reaches, and hence it has often the appearance of penetrating even farther than one, which is loud but badly articulated.

In just articulation the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable: nor, as it

were, melted together into a mass of confusion: they should be neither abridged, nor prolonged, nor swallowed, nor forced, and, (if I may so express it,) shot from the mouth; they should not be trailed, nor drawled, nor let to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished; no, they are to be delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight.

The difficulty of acquiring a correct articulation being unusually great in the English language, the foundation should be laid at that early age when the organs are most tractable.

Pronunciation points out the proper sounds of vowels and consonants, and the distribution of accent on syllables. As pronunciation is better, because more amply, taught in Dictionaries, it is unnecessary to attempt to give any rules for it in this place.

II. INFLECTION AND MODULATION.

An inflection is a bending or sliding of the voice either upwards or downwards. There are two inflections; the one, called the Upward, or Rising Inflection; the other, the Downward, or Falling Inflection. In more simple terms—there is one inflection, which denotes that the sense, or meaning of the sentence is suspended, as,

To be carnally minded';

and another, which denotes that the sense is completed, as,

is death`.
To be carnally minded'—is—death`.

To give a practical example, that must be understood by the dullest comprehension:—I am to give a person, two, three, four, five, or ten dollars—say, I am to give him five dollars. In counting, I must pronounce up to the fourth number with the rising inflection; that is, with the inflection denoting incompletion, thus:—

One'—Two'—Three'—Four"—Five`.

The numbers up to four are pronounced with the *rising*

inflection; and nature dictates, that the numbers, one, two and three, which merely imply continuation, shall be pronounced with a less degree of the same inflection, than number "Four," which not only denotes continuation, but, it must denote, at the same time, by the greater elevation of the voice, that the next number completes the sum to be given. Let us apply this principle to sentences:—

> The knowledge'—power'—wisdom'—and goodness of God"—must all be unbounded.`

Here is a sentence, which consists of five divisions, or groups; up to the fourth is pronounced with the rising inflection; the fourth, with a greater degree of the same inflection than the previous divisions, to denote that the next closes the enumeration.

> They, through faith, subdued kingdoms'—wrought righteousness'—obtained promises'—stopped the mouths of lions'—quenched the violence of fire'—escaped the edge of the sword'—out of weakness, were made strong'—waxed valiant in fight"—and turned to flight the armies of the aliens`.

This sentence contains nine groups, that fall within our rule; the terminating words of which are; *Kingdoms—righteousness—promises—lions—fire—sword—strong—*fight—*aliens.* Up to the eighth is pronounced with the *rising inflection: "fight,"* the last word of the eighth division, is not only uttered with the rising inflection, but with such *an additional degree of it,* as to make the hearer aware, that the next grouping will finish the subject.

Before the pupil begins to study the rules of inflection, it is absolutely necessary that he understand distinctly the nature of the slides, and be able to inflect with ease, and in a full and sonorous voice. Many who instruct themselves, are apt, when they see the mark of the rising inflection on a word, to pronounce that word with loudness merely; and when they see the falling mark on a word, to give that word in a weak voice. Now, one may slide the voice to a great height, and yet not speak in a loud tone; and to a great depth, and not speak in a weak or

soft tone. It is as well, in the first attempts in inflection, to give it, whether rising or falling, in a loud tone; but care must be taken that the slide of the voice take place. If the pupil is apt to imagine, from a deficiency of tune, that he rises when he speaks loud, then his inflections ought to be given with great softness. When there is a tardiness, as in such cases, in apprehending the inflection, the pupil may find it the more readily in expressions of surprise, where it is more marked and produced, than in any other situation, as is heard in the word *indeed*, when anything remarkable is mentioned. A violin may be made to inflect, by sliding the finger up and down the same string, while the bow is drawn across. This will explain to those who have not the benefit of a master, the true nature of an inflection, and the difference between an inflection, and a sudden elevation or depression of the voice.

TABLE OF INFLECTIONS.

The acute accent (′) denotes the rising inflection; and the grave accent (`) the falling inflection.

One′—Two′—Three′—Four′—Five′—Six′—Seven′—Eight′—Nine′—Ten′—Eleven″—Twelve`.

One`.
One′, two`.
One′, two′, three`.
One′, two′, three′, four`.
One′, two′, three′, four′, five`.
One′, two′, three′, four′, five′, six`.
One′, two′, three′, four′, five′, six′, seven`.
One′, two′, three′, four′, five′, six′, seven′, eight`.
One′, two′, three′, four′, five′, six′, seven′, eight′, nine`.
One′, two′, three′, four′, five′, six′, seven′, eight′, nine′, ten`.
One′, two′, three′, four′, five′, six′, seven′, eight′, nine′, ten′, eleven`.
One′, two′, three′, four′, five′, six′, seven′, eight′, nine′, ten′, eleven′, twelve`.

Did you give me one′?	I gave you two`.
Did you give me two′?	I gave you three`.
Did you give me three′?	I gave you four`.
Did you give me four′?	I gave you five`.
Did you give me five′?	I gave you six`.
Did you give me six′?	I gave you seven`.
Did you give me seven′?	I gave you eight`.

Did you give me eight'? I gave you nine`.
Did you give me nine'? I gave you ten`.
Did you give me ten'? I gave you eleven`.
Did you give me eleven'? I gave you twelve`.

You must not say one', but two`.
You must not say two', but three`.
You must not say three', but four`.
You must not say four', but five`.
You must not say five', but six`.
You must not say six', but seven`.
You must not say seven', but eight`.
You must not say eight', but nine`.
You must not say nine', but ten`.
You must not say ten', but eleven`.
You must not say eleven', but twelve`.

The Rising, followed by the Falling Inflection.

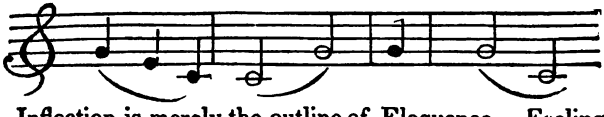
Does he talk rationally', or irrationally`?
Does he pronounce correctly', or incorrectly`?
Does he mean honestly', or dishonestly`?
Does she dance gracefully', or ungracefully`?
Do they act cautiously', or incautiously`?

The Falling, followed by the Rising.

He talked rationally`, not irrationally'.
He pronounces correctly`, not incorrectly'.
He means honestly`, not dishonestly'.
She dances gracefully`, not ungracefully'.
They acted cautiously`, not incautiously'.

The following plate may denote the manner of the upward and downward slide or inflection:

Musical Scale



Inflection is merely the outline of Eloquence. Feeling and passion fill up the picture; and to these alone, must be attributed that variety, which adorns, and renders

speech impressive. Such is the power of the intellectual, over the material part of our nature, that all our bodily organs are influenced by their powerful agency. In particular, the voice is attuned, and the eyes are impregnated by the feeling or passion, which engrosses the soul.

EXERCISES ON THE INFLECTIONS.

Blessed' are the poor in spirit`. Blessed' are the meek`.—Blessed' are the peace-makers`.

Let your light so shine before men', that they may see your good works', and glorify your Father" which is in heaven`.

And now abideth faith', hope", charity`; these three: but the greatest of these'—is—charity`.

When all thy mercies', O my God',
My rising soul surveys'—
Transported with the view', I'm lost
In wonder', love", and praise`.

Correct articulation', is the most important exercise of the voice', and of the organs of speech`.

The sorrow for the dead', is the only sorrow' from which we refuse to be divorced`.

Age', that lessens the enjoyment of life', increases our desire of living`.

Christianity' bears all the marks of a divine original`. It came down from heaven', and its purpose is to carry us up thither`.

Year' steals upon us' after year`. Life' is never still for a moment', but continually', though insensibly', sliding into a new form`. Infancy' rises up fast to childhood`—childhood' to youth`—youth passes quickly into manhood', and the gray hair' and the fading look', are not long in admonishing us", that old age is near at hand`.

MODULATION.

The modulation of the voice is the proper management of its tones, so as to produce grateful melody to the ear. Upon the modulation of the voice depends that variety, which is so pleasing and so necessary to refresh and relieve the ear in a long oration. The opposite fault is monotony, which becomes at last so disagreeable as to defeat altogether the success of a public speaker,—as far as to

please is any part of his object,—by exciting the utmost impatience and disgust in his audience. To the variety, so grateful to the ear, not only changes of tone are requisite, but, also, changes of delivery.

According to the subject, the rapidity of the utterance varies, as the time of the different movements in music. Narration proceeds equably; the pathetic, slowly; instruction, authoritatively; determination, with vigour; and passion, with rapidity; all of which are analogous to the *andante*, the *cantabile*, the *allegro*, the *presto*, and other musical expressions.

The modulation of the voice is one of the most important requisites in a public speaker. Even to the private reader, who wishes to execute his task with pleasure to others, it is a necessary accomplishment. A voice which keeps long in one key, however correct the pronunciation, delicate the inflection, and just the emphasis, will soon tire the hearer.

The voice has been considered as capable of assuming three keys, the low, the high, and the middle. This variety is undoubtedly too limited; but for the first lessons of a student, it may be useful to regard the classification. A well trained voice is capable of ranging in these with various degrees of loudness, softness, stress, continuity, and rapidity.

Modulation includes also the consideration of *time*, which is natural in the pronunciation of certain passages. The combinations, then, of pitch, force, and time, are extremely numerous: thus, we have low, loud, slow; low, soft, slow; low, feeble, slow; low, loud, quick, &c.; middle, loud, slow; middle, soft, slow; middle, feeble, slow, &c. Thus, we have a copious natural language adapted to the expression of every emotion and passion.

The application of these qualities of the voice in the expression of emotion, would lead us into a field of inquiry too wide for a volume such as this: the taste of the teacher will readily suggest to the pupil what is wanting here. A few passages, however, may be given here as fit exercises for particular combinations of these qualities.

EXAMPLES.

ADORATION—ADMIRATION—SOLEMNITY—SUBLIMITY.—LOW, LOUD, SLOW, CONTINUOUS.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.—Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.—And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

In addresses to the Deity, little deviation should be made from the key note. The inflections should be little varied —even emphasis should not be strikingly marked.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years: the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in the heavens; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain: for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.

MOURNFULNESS—DESPONDENCY.—LOW, SOFT, MIDDLE TIME, TREMULOUS.

Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had it rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me
A fixèd figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—
Oh—

FEAR WITHOUT GUILT.—VERY LOW, SLOW, THE TONE SUSTAINED.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition—
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stand?

GUILTY FEAR.—LOW, SLOW, HARSH, THE VOICE AT TIMES ASPIRATED.

Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou affright me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight;
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

DEEP EMOTION.—LOW, QUICK, BROKEN.

Farewell, farewell, farewell!
She does not feel, she does not feel! Thank heaven,
She does not feel her Fazio's last, last kiss!
One other! Cold as stone—sweet, sweet as roses!

CONVERSATIONAL VOICE.—MIDDLE TONE, LIGHT, MIDDLE TIME.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.—And do not saw the air too much with your hands, but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passions, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul. to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise.

DIGNITY.—MIDDLE TONE, LOUD, SLOW.

While there is hope, do not distrust the gods,
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains and own a conqueror.

EARNESTNESS.—MIDDLE TONE, LOUD, TIME QUICKER.

Whom are we to charge as the deceiver of the state? Is it not the man whose words are inconsistent with his actions? On whom do the maledictions fall, usually pronounced in our assemblies? Is it not on this man? Can we point out a more enormous instance of iniquity in any speaker, than this inconsistency between his words and actions?

REVENGE.—MIDDLE TONE, LOUD, ASPIRATED.

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues.

COURAGE—CHIVALROUS EXCITEMENT.—HIGH, LOUD, SLOW

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage.
On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—Heaven for Harry! England! and St. George!

COURAGE—DESPERATE EXCITEMENT—HIGH, LOUD, SLOW, MORE ASPIRATED.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head:
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!—
A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

FONDNESS, MIXED WITH SORROW.—HIGH, SOFT, SLOW.

Oh, my long lost hope!
If thou to giddy valour gav'st the rein,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee before thou saw'st the light,
Sustained my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love, nor hope,
In this wide world. My son, remember me!

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

SHIFT OF THE VOICE.

In the examples given above, the *prevailing* tone of the voice was pointed out; but in passionate composition, and even in that of reasoning and narrative, there is frequently in the same sentence, and, generally, at the beginning of a new sentence and paragraph, a marked variety of tone. The right assumption of these keys constitutes what may be termed the *feeling* of a composition; without it, acting is lifeless, and argument tiresome. It is a want of this variety which distinguishes the inanimate speaker; his inflection may be correct, and have even what has been termed a musical cadence; but without this variety of key, he must tire his audience. The effect of a transition from the major to the minor key in music is not more striking than the variety which the voice will occasionally assume.

A change of key is generally necessary at the commencement of a new sentence. When in the preceding sentence the voice has sunk down towards the close, in the new sentence it sometimes recovers its elasticity, and sometimes it continues in the depressed note on which the preceding sentence terminates. This is generally the case when the second sentence is illustrative or expository of the first:

No blessing of life is comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. *It eases* and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Here the second sentence beginning, *It eases*, assumes the low note, which terminates the preceding sentence. In the remaining clauses the voice is varied, in order to rivet the attention on each particular.

Speciality, in the same sentence, has a similar effect:

The flying Mede—*his shaftless broken bow.*
The fiery Greek—*his red pursuing spear.*

Opposition, variety, modification of the sense, interruption of the thought, whether in one sentence or in separate sentences, produce a change of key:

Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, *or a sparrow fall;*
Atoms or *systems* into ruin hurl'd;
And now a bubble burst, *and now a world.*

Mountains above, *earth's, ocean's* plain below,
Death in the front, destruction in the rear.

Age in a virtuous person, carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth.

To die—to sleep—to sleep! *perchance to dream:*
Ay, there's the rub.

If thou be'st he—
But oh! how fallen.

In passionate composition, the changes of key are more frequent than in argument, as the mind is more restless; in the latter case, it is principally at the *beginning* of sentences or paragraphs that a change is necessary. In order to keep the minds of an audience awake to an argument, it is necessary that the speaker should at times use the artifice of sincerity, wonder, &c.; indeed, they are not artifices, but the feeling which must occupy the breast of every one who speaks with intensity. Even the reading of a narrative partakes of the mood of the speaker's mind, and will be relieved at times by those modifications of voice, which are in accordance with his natural temper.

If, then, a mere narrative assumes these modulations, a public address, such as is given from the pulpit, should be greatly varied in its tones; for then, pity, hope, and other passions, must animate the mind of the speaker; nay, even in the closest reasoning, there must be an earnestness, in which must be exhibited, by varying tones, the natural impatience of a mind which, convinced itself, wonders at the tardiness of conviction on others, the relapse into the calmness of appeal natural after such impatience, and the assumption of confidence in the statement of arguments that appear manifest to all. It is on several of the most remarkable of these moods of the mind that the figures of rhetoric are founded; their pronunciation, then, must be

intimately connected with the modulation of the voice, and with the shift which forms so prominent a part of modulation.

IMITATIVE MODULATION.

Immensity, sublimity, are naturally expressed by a prolongation and swell of the voice :

Roll on thou *deep* and *dark blue* ocean, *roll*,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in *vain*.

The adoption of a tone little varied in the inflection is necessary in such passages, the wave of the voice not exceeding a half note :

Thou *glorious* mirror! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or *convulsed*, in *breeze* or *gale* or *storm*,
Icing the pole; or, in the torrid clime,
Dark, *heaving*; *boundless*, *endless*, and *sublime*.

The reader's admiration of a passage is conveyed to another by a subdued imitation, and a long interval betwixt the words. I notice this, although it does not come within the legitimate sphere of ornamental reading, as it is a practice of daily occurrence, and as it is frequently employed by the intelligent reader to convey to others the full beauty, force and sublimity of a passage. In such reading, there is a tone of wonder and admiration; and the frequent pauses are made, that the hearer may have leisure to see the composition in all its meaning.

Motion and sound in all their modifications, are, in descriptive reading, more or less imitated. To glide, to drive, to swell, to flow, to skip, to whirl, to turn, to rattle, &c., all partake of a peculiar modification of voice. This expression lies in the key, force, and time of the tones, and the forcible pronunciation of certain letters which are supposed more particularly to express the imitation.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance;
As those move *easiest*, who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough, no harshness gives offence—
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

See from the brake the *whirring* pheasant *springs*,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.

The rhythmus of speech is significant of various kinds of motion.

LABORIOUS MOTION.

Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.

The pauses which must necessarily occur betwixt ***high***, ***hill***, *huge*, *round*, and *stone*, are eminently descriptive of slow motion. The necessity of these pauses is shewn in what follows on the measure of speech.

REGULAR MOVEMENT.

First march the heavy mules securely slow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go.

The regularity of the cadence here, is peculiarly appropriate.

PAUSES.

Besides the pauses of passion, and those which are denoted by grammatical punctuation, there are short pauses at the termination of those clusters of words which have been termed oratorical, and others which are regulated by the rhythmus of speech. The latter are explained elsewhere; the former, which have obtained the name of Rhetorical Pauses, may be quickly understood by the following rule and examples.

Pause before the nominative, if it consists of several words, or if it is one important word; before and after an immediate clause; before the relative; before and after clauses introduced by prepositions; before conjunctions; and before the infinitive mood, if any words intervene betwixt it and the word which governs it.

The experience of want | enhances the value of plenty.
Truth | is the basis | of excellence.
Trials | in this state of being | are the lot of man.
Death | is the season | which brings our affections to the test.
From the right exercise | of our intellectual powers | arises | one | of the chief sources | of our happiness.
We applaud virtue | even in enemies.
Honour | and shame | from no condition rise.
A public speaker | may have a voice that is musical | and of great compass; but it requires much time and labour | to attain its just modulation | and that variety of flexion and tone | which a pathetic discourse requires.

These pauses are generally shorter in their duration than those at the grammatical points. Grammatical punctuation does not always demand a pause, and the time of the pauses at various points is not correctly stated in many books on reading. In some treatises, the pause at the period is described as being uniformly four times as long as that at a comma; whereas, it is regulated entirely by the nature of the subject, the intimacy or remoteness of the connection between the sentences, and other causes.

III. EMPHASIS.

By *emphasis* is meant that stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which, in reading or speaking, we distinguish the accented syllable of some word, on which we design to lay particular stress, in order to show how it affects the rest of the sentence. On the right management of the emphasis depend the whole life and spirit of every *discourse*. If no emphasis be placed on any word, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning left often *ambiguous*. If the emphasis be placed wrong, we *pervert* and confound the meaning wholly.

To give a common instance; such a simple question as this, "Do you ride to town to-day?" is capable of no fewer than four *acceptations*, according as the emphasis is differently placed on the words. If it be pronounced thus: Do *you* ride to town to-day? the answer may naturally be, No; I send my servant in my stead. If thus: Do you *ride* to town to-day? Answer, No; I intend to *walk*.

Do you ride to *town* to-day? No; I ride out into the *fields*. Do you ride to town *to-day?* No; but I shall *to-morrow.*

In order to acquire the proper management of the emphasis, the great rule, and indeed the only rule possible to be given, is, that the speaker or reader study to *attain* a just *conception* of the force and spirit of those sentiments which he is to pronounce. For to lay the emphasis with exact propriety, is a constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the greatest trials of a true and just taste; and must rise from feeling *delicately* ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is fittest to strike the feelings of others.

Next to emphasis, the pauses in speaking demand attention. These are of two kinds; first, emphatical pauses: and next, such as mark the distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is made after something has been said of peculiar moment, on which we want to fix the hearer's attention. Such pauses have the same effect as a strong emphasis, and are subject to the same rules; especially to the caution of not repeating them too frequently.

But the most frequent and principal use of pauses is to mark the divisions of the sense, and at the same time to allow the speaker to draw his breath; and the proper adjustment of such pauses is one of the most difficult articles in delivery. In all reading and public speaking the management of the breath requires great care, so as not to be obliged to divide words from one another which have so intimate a connection, that they ought to be pronounced in the same breath, and without the least separation. Many *sentences* are miserably mangled, and the force of the emphasis totally lost, by divisions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one, while he is reading or speaking, should be careful to provide a full supply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great mistake to imagine, that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may

easily be gathered at the *intervals* of the period, when the voice is only suspended for a moment; and, by this management, we may have always a sufficient stock for carrying on the longest sentence without improper interruptions.

IV. GESTURE.

Gesture regulates the looks, movements, and attitudes, which are supposed natural in certain passions and emotions. In strong excitement, there is a similarity of gesture among all nations; but the extent and variety of its employment in common conversation, and in formal addresses to the public, are greatly regulated by the temper, taste, and intellectual improvement, of each individual nation. The gesture of the actor is more violent and profuse than that of the orator, who is supposed to be more under the influence of reason, and to address himself to the understanding of his audience. In civilised and polished countries, a profusion of gesture is to be avoided in public discourses; it should neither be minute nor violent. The first is inconsistent with that absorption of thought which is supposed necessary in an intellectual address; the second is an outrage on the taste and feelings of the audience, and is apt to raise indignation and aversion.

Many modern speakers offend by the vehemence of their gesticulation; indeed, the instruction which is given on gesture should often be occupied in reducing within the limits of grace, extravagant positions and movements. The ancients were more chaste in their gesture than is commonly imagined. Although, in seasons of great excitement, they adopted, at times, a bold and striking gesture, they were generally more restrained in their movements than many modern speakers.

Gesture regulates the position and movement of the body, the eye, the limbs, and, indeed, the whole deportment. In oratory, the regulation of the hand is of peculiar importance, not only as it serves to express passion, but to mark the dependence of clauses, and to express

the emphasis. In the suspension of a sentence, for instance, the hand may take an upward slide; while at the completion, the hand may sink in a line with the breast. In the stroke of emphasis, the hand rests in the same position, but comes down with a combined jerk of the elbow and wrist. The arm in its movements must not be much curved, but come freely from the shoulder.

A volume might be written on the subject of gesture; but as the great proportion of students in Elocution do not require this accomplishment, and as it can be learned more quickly and efficaciously by a few instructions from the living model, it has been deemed unnecessary to swell this volume by a detail of its numerous laws. We will only enumerate a few of the most obvious modes of gesture.

The Head and Face. The hanging down of the head denotes shame, or grief. The holding it up, pride, or courage. To nod forward, implies assent. To toss the head back, dissent. The inclination of the head implies bashfulness, or languor. The head is averted in dislike or horror. It leans forward in attention.

The Eyes. The eyes are raised in prayer. They weep in sorrow. Burn in anger. They are cast on vacancy in thought. They are thrown in different directions in doubt and anxiety.

The Arms. The arm is projected forward in authority. Both arms are spread extended in admiration. They are held forward in imploring help. They both fall suddenly in disappointment.

The Hands. The hand on the head indicates pain, or distress. On the eyes, shame. On the lips, injunction of silence. On the breast, it appeals to conscience, or intimates desire. The hand waves, or flourishes, in joy, or, contempt. Both hands are held supine, or clasped, in prayer. Both descend prone in blessing. They are clasped, or wrung, in affliction. They are held forward, and received, in friendship.

The Body. The body, held erect, indicates steadiness and courage. Thrown back, pride. Stooping forward,

condescension or compassion. Bending, reverence, or respect. Prostration, the utmost humility, or abasement.

The Lower Limbs. Their firm position, signifies courage, or obstinacy. Bended knees, timidity, or weakness. Frequent change, disturbed thoughts. They advance in desire, or courage. Retire in aversion, or fear. Start, in terror. Stamp, in authority, or anger. Kneel, in submission and prayer.

GENERAL RULES.

INTERROGATION.

RULE 1.—*When a question commences with an interrogative adverb or pronoun, it terminates with a falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

How can he exalt his thoughts to anything great′ and noble′, who only believes that after a short turn on the stage of this world′, he is to sink into oblivion″, and to lose his consciousness forever`?

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave′,
By nature's law design'd′,
Why was an independent wish′
E'er planted in my mind`?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty`, or scorn`?
Or, why hath man the will′, and power″!
To make his fellows mourn`?

Who can look down upon the grave′, even of an enemy′, and not feel a compunctious throb′, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth″, that lies mouldering before him`?

Who can hold a fire in his hand′,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus`?
Or, wallow naked in December's snow′,
By mere remembrance of the summer's heat`?

RULE 2.—*When a question commences with a verb, it terminates with the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

Shall dust and ashes stand in the presence of that uncreated glory′, before which principalities and powers bow down, tremble, and adore′? Shall guilty and condemned creatures appear in the presence of Him, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth his angels with folly′?

What is the happiness that this world can give? Can it defend us from disasters′? Can it preserve our hearts from grief, our eyes from tears, or our feet from falling′? Can it prolong our comforts′? Can it multiply our days′? Can it redeem ourselves or our friends from death′? Can it soothe the king of terrors, or mitigate the agonies of the dying′?

Is the chair empty′? Is the sword unsway'd′?
Is the king dead′? the empire unpossess'd′?
What heir of York is there alive but we`?
And who is England's king but great York's heir`?

Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies′, which inspire your hearts″?

Can such things be′,
And overcome us like a summer cloud′,
Without our special wonder″?

EXCEPTIONS.

Emphasis breaks through this rule.

Was ever woman in this humour wooed′?
Was ever woman in this humour won`?

When a series of questions is long and terminates a paragraph, the last member may take the falling inflection, as:

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself′? Hath it slept since′?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale,
At what it did so freely′? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afear'd
To be the same in thine own act′ and valour′,
As thou art in desire″? Would'st thou have that′
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life′,
And live a coward in thine own esteem″,
Letting *I dare not*′ wait upon *I would*′,
Like the poor cat i' the adage`?

RULE III.—*Questions introduced by verbs, containing two or more particulars connected by the conjunction* OR, *terminate sometimes with the rising, and sometimes with the falling inflection. If the question affects the objects disjunctively, the falling inflection is used; if conjunctively, the rising.*

EXAMPLES.

Thus, if I say, Is he in London, or Paris? meaning, that I know he is in one of the towns, but that I do not know which one of the two, the rising inflection is on *London*, and the falling on *Paris*; but if I ask the question, not knowing that he is in either of the towns, the rising inflection takes place on both. The same inflection would take place, though there were more than two connected by the conjunction *or*,—thus, Is he in London', or Paris', or Madrid', or Rome`? meaning, in which one is he; or, Is he in London', or Paris', or Madrid', or Rome'? meaning, is he in any of the towns.

Do the perfections of the Almighty lie dormant', or, are they not rather in continual exercise`?

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust'?
Or, flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Is there a heart, that could drive back the wife, that seeks her bleeding husband'? or, the innocent babe', that cries for his imprisoned father`?

Disjunctive.—But shall we wear these glories for a day',
Or, shall they last', and we rejoice in them`?

Conjunctive.—Thou fool, will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend the effect', or heal' it.

EXCLAMATION.

RULE IV.—*The inflection which terminates an exclamation is regulated by the common rules of inflection. This rule is of course broken through by passion, which has slides and notes of its own. As a general rule, it may be stated that exclamations of surprise and indignation take a rising slide in a loud tone; those of sorrow, distress, pity, and love, the rising slide in a gentle tone; and those of adoration, awe, and despair, the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

Oh! we shall be so happy'.
What'! am I braved in my own house'?
Oh, that those lips had language'!

Newton was a Christian. Newton'! whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature on our finite conceptions.

O, world'! O, life'! O, day'! O, misery"!

COMPACT SENTENCE.

A compact sentence is one, that consists of two principal constructive parts, but which cannot be understood until both are pronounced.

RULE V.—*The first principal division of a compact sentence requires the rising inflection; in the second, the voice gradually declines into the falling inflection, as the sense forms.**

EXAMPLES.

Such is the construction of man', that labour may be styled its own reward`.

As we discover the shadow moving along the dial-plate', so the advances we make in knowledge are only perceived by the distance gone over`.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good' to do—chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces`.

While dangers are at a distance, and do not immediately' approach us—let us not conclude that we are secure, unless we use the necessary precautions against` them.

As the beauty of the body always accompanies the health' of it—so is decency of behaviour a concomitant to virtue`.

Sympathising with the hatred and abhorrence which other' men must entertain for him—the murderer becomes in some measure the object of his own hatred and abhorrence`.

Formed to excel in peace as well as in war'—Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could give a man the ascendant in society`.

* Mr. Walker's rule of the loose sentence is altogether superfluous. The inflection is governed by the completeness of the sense; and that is all we have to take into consideration.—J. S. KNOWLES.

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form', Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible`.

Your enemies may be formidable by their numbers and by their power', but He, who is with you, is mightier than they`.

No man can rise above the infirmities of nature', unless assisted by God`.

NEGATIVE SENTENCE.

RULE VI. *Negative sentences, and negative members of sentences, when they do not conclude a paragraph, require the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

You are not left alone' to climb the arduous ascent—God is with you; who never suffers the spirit which rests on him to fail, nor the man who seeks his favour to seek it in vain.`

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness';
I never gave *you* kingdoms'; call'd you children';
You owe me no subscription`; why, then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure`: here I stand—your slave—
A poor', infirm', weak", and despised old man`.

Virtue is of intrinsic value' and good desert`; not the creature of will', but necessary and immutable`; not local', or, temporary', but of equal extent' and antiquity with the divine mind`; not a mode of sensation', but everlasting truth`; not dependent on power', but the *guide* of all power`.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye',—
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow`:
I'll say, 'tis not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven, so high above our heads":
Come, Death! and welcome! Juliet wills it so`.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death', I will fear no evil", for, thou art with me`.

Let us walk honestly', as in the day`; not in rioting', and drunkenness', not in chambering' and wantonness', not in strife', and envying"; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh', to fulfil the lusts thereof`.

Seems, madame'! nay, it is`; I know not seems`.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother',
Nor customary suits of solemn black',
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath',
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye',
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage',

Together with all forms', modes', shows of grief",
That can denote me truly`: these, indeed, seem',
For they are actions, that a man might play';
But I have that within which passeth show`:
These, but the trappings', and the suits of wo`.

RULE VII. *When a series of negative sentences concludes a paragraph, the last member of the series takes the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

In death', the poor man' lays down', at last', the burden of his wearisome life`. No more shall he hear the insolent calls of the master', from whom he received his scanty wages`. No more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of straw', nor be hurried away from his homely meal", to undergo the repeated labours of the day`.

Duncan is in his grave';
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well`;
Treason has done his worst': nor poison,
Malice domestic', foreign levy', nothing"
Can touch him further`!

CONCESSION.

RULE VIII. *A concession should take the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

Painting', poetry', eloquence', and every other art, on which the genius of mankind has exercised itself, may be abused', and prove dangerous in the hands of bad men"; but it were ridiculous to contend', that, on this account', they ought to be abolished`.

One' may be a speaker', both of much reputation', and much influence', in the calm', argumentative manner"; to attain the pathetic' and the sublime of oratory', requires those strong sensibilities of mind', and that high power of expression', which are given to few`.

This', however', I say concerning the Greeks`—I grant them learning', and the knowledge of many sciences"; I do not deny that they have wit', fine genius', and eloquence"; nay, if they lay claim to many other excellences', I shall not contest their title"; but this I must say; that nation' never paid a proper regard to the religious sanctity of public evidence', and are total strangers to the obligation', authority", and importance of truth`.

PARENTHESIS.

RULE IX. *A parenthesis must be read more quickly, and in a lower tone of voice, than those parts of the sentence, which precede and follow it.*

EXAMPLES.

Know ye not, brethren'—for, I speak to them that know the law'—that the law' hath dominion over a man' as long as he liveth"?

If envious people were to ask themselves', whether they would exchange their situations with the persons envied', (I mean their minds', passions', notions', as well as their persons', fortunes', and dignities',) I believe the self love common to human nature', would, generally, make them prefer their own condition`.

If there's a God above us'—
And that there is', all nature cries aloud',
Through all her works"—He must delight in virtue`;
And that which He' delights' in, must be happy`.

But to my mind—though I am native here
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than in the observance.

For God is my witness'—whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son'—that without ceasing` I make mention of you in my prayers, making request'--if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey, by the will' of God —to come unto you.

A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some fury wings it, and some demon guides)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck.

Then went the captain', with the officers', and brought them without violence (for they feared the people, lest they should be stoned`;) and when they had brought them', they set them before the council`.

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die),
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

Should you fall in the struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part.

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die'—
('Twas even to thee`)—yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

SERIES.

A series is a number of particulars, immediately following one another, whether independent, (1), or having one common reference, (2).

EXAMPLES.

(1) The wind and rain are over`; Calm is the noon` of day: The clouds are divided` in heaven; Over the green hill flies the inconstant sun`: Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill`.

(2) The characteristics of chivalry were—valour`, humanity', courtesy', justice', and honour`.

When the members of a series consist of several words, as in the former for example, the series is called *compound;* when of single words,* as in the latter, it is called *simple.*

When a series begins a sentence, but does not end it, it is called a commencing series; when it ends it, whether it begins it or not, it is called a concluding series.

COMMENCING SERIES.

RULE X. *Each particular of a commencing series takes the rising inflection—with this special observance, that the last particular must have a greater degree of inflection, thereby intimating, that the enumeration is finished.*

EXAMPLES.

Beauty', strength', youth', and old age", lie undistinguished, in the same promiscuous heap of matter`.

Hatred', malice, and anger", are passions, unbecoming a disciple of Christ`.

Regulation', proportion', order', and colour", contribute to grandeur as well as to beauty`.

* The addition of an article, a preposition, or a conjunction, does not render a series compound; nor the introduction of a compound member, when the majority of the members are simple.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit`? or, whither shall I flee from thy presence`? If I ascend up into Heaven', thou art there`; if I make my bed in hell', behold, Thou art there.` If I take the wings of the morning', and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea", even there shall thy hand lead me', and thy right hand shall hold me`. If I say', Surely the darkness' shall cover me', even the night" shall be light about me`. Yea, the darkness' hideth not from Thee;" but the night shineth as the day`: the darkness' and the light' are both alike to Thee.`

The verdant lawn', the shady grove', the variegated landscape', the boundless ocean', and the starry firmament", are contemplated with pleasure by every beholder`.

I conjure you', by that which you profess',
(Howe'er you come to know it') answer me`:
Though you untie the winds', and let them fight
Against the churches"; though the yesty waves'
Confound, and swallow navigation up";
Though bladed corn be lodged', and trees blown down";
Though castles topple on their warders' heads',
Though palaces and pyramids' do slope
Their heads to their foundations"; though the treasure
Of nature's germins' tumble all together,
Ev'n till destruction sicken"—answer me
To what I ask you'.

CONCLUDING SERIES.

RULE XI. *Each particular of a concluding series, except the last, takes the rising inflection. The particular preceding the last requires a greater degree of the rising inflection than the others, thereby intimating, that the next particular will close the enumeration. The last is pronounced with the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

They, through faith, subdued kingdoms', wrought righteousness', obtained promises', stopped the mouths of lions', quenched the violence of fire', escaped the edge of the sword', out of weakness were made strong', waxed valiant in fight", and turned to flight the armies of the aliens`.

Where'er he turns', he meets a stranger's eye:
His suppliants scorn him', and his followers fly`;
Now, drops at once the pride of awful state',
The golden canopy', the glittering plate',
The regal palace', the luxurious board',
The liv'ried army", and the menial lord.

True gentleness' teaches us to bear one another's burdens`, to rejoice with those' who rejoice', to weep with those' who weep`; to please every one his neighbour' for his good`; to be kind', and tender-hearted'; to be pitiful' and courteous'; to support the weak"; and to be patient towards all men`.

What though no weeping loves' thy ashes grace`,
Nor polished marble' emulate thy face`?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room`,
Nor hallow'd dirge' be mutter'd o'er thy tomb`?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest',
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast`!
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow",
And the first roses of the year' shall blow`.

EMPHASIS.

RULE XII. *Emphasis, in the most usual sense of the word, is that stress with which certain words are pronounced, so as to be distinguished from the rest of the sentence. Among the number of words we make use of in discourse, there will always be some, which are more necessary to be understood than others: those things, with which we suppose our hearers to be pre-acquainted, we express by such a subordination of stress as is suitable to the small importance of things already understood; while those, of which our hearers are either not fully informed, or which they might possibly misconceive, are enforced with such an increase of stress as makes it impossible for the hearer to overlook or mistake them. Thus, as it were in a picture, the more essential parts of a sentence are raised, as it were, from the level of speaking; and the less necessary are, by this means, sunk into a comparative obscurity.*

EXAMPLES.

A man's *first care* should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart'; his *next*, to escape the censures of the world`.

It will be difficult for her to retain the decorous and dignified *semblance* of *love* for him', who has cared but little for the *reality* of it`.

Those governments which curb not evils', cause`!
And a rich knave's' a libel on our laws`.

Religion' raises men *above* themselves": *Irreligion'* sinks them *beneath* the brutes`.

We must forget all feelings' save the *one* —
We must resign all passions' save our *purpose* —
We must behold no object' save our *country*'.

NOTE.

Emphasis, according to Knowles, is of two kinds, absolute and relative. Relative emphasis has always an antithesis, either expressed or implied: absolute emphasis takes place, when the peculiar eminence of the thought is solely —singly considered.

'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a *peasant*',
To forge a scroll so villainous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name.

Here we have an example of relative emphasis; for, if the thought were expressed at full, it would stand thus:—

Unworthy not only of a gentleman, but even of a peasant.

'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a *man*,
To forge a scroll so villainous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name.

Here we have an example of absolute emphasis; for, if the thought were expressed at full, it would stand thus:—

Unworthy a being composed of such perfections as constitute a man.

When we wish to give a phrase with the utmost possible force, not only every word which enters into the composition of it, becomes emphatic, but even the parts of *compound* words are pronounced as if they were independent.

EXAMPLES.

There was a time, then, my fellow citizens, when the Lacedemonians were sovereign masters both by sea and land when their troops and forts surrounded the entire circuit of Attica; when they possessed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian district, Megara, Ægina, Cleone, and the other islands; while this State had not one ship—no, NOT—ONE—WALL.

That's truly great! what think you 'twas set up
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right in stern despite of nature;
Shutting their ears 'gainst all her little cries,
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd!

At Aulis—one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars!
Another slew a sister in just rage!
A third, the theme of all succeeding time,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son!
Nay, some for virtue have entomb'd themselves,
As he of Carthage—an immortal name!
But there is ONE—STEP—LEFT—above them all!
Above their history, above their fable!
A wife!—bride!—mistress unenjoy'd!—Do that!
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory!

CLIMAX.

RULE XIII. *A climax must be read, or pronounced with the voice progressively ascending to the last member; accompanied with increasing energy, animation or pathos, corresponding with the nature of the subject.*

EXAMPLES.

It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others'; it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves'; it is pleasant to mortify and subdue our lusts, because that is victory'; it is pleasant to command our appetites' and passions', and to keep them in due order', within the bounds of reason and religion", because that is empire`.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow!
Hyperion's curls'; the front of Jove himself':
An eye like Mars', to threaten and command';
A station like the herald Mercury",
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill`·
A combination' and a form' indeed,
Where every god' did seem to set his seal",
To give the world assurance of a man`.

If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never`, never', never`.

Come, shew me what thou'lt do`:
Woul't weep'? Woul't fight'? Woul't fast'? Woul't tear thyself"?
I'll do`t. Dost thou come here to whine'?
To outface me with leaping in her grave'?
Be buried quick with her', and so will I`!
And if thou prate of mountains', let them throw
Millions of acres on us', till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone",
Make Ossa like a wart`! Nay, an thou'lt mouth',
I'll rant as well as thou`!

His display of this day has reflected the highest honour on himself', lustre upon letters', renown upon parliament", glory upon the country`.

We are called upon as members of this house`, as men', as Christians`, to protest against this horrible barbarity.

ANTI-CLIMAX.

RULE XIV. *An anti-climax should be read with decreasing energy, as you proceed; until the last member, being strongly emphatic, takes a fall instead of a rise.*

EXAMPLE.

What must the king do now`? must he submit'?
The king shall do it`: must he be depos'd'?
The king shall be contented`: must he lose
The name of king'?—let it go`!
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads`;
My gorgeous palace' for a hermitage`;
My gay apparel', for an almsman's gown`;
My figur'd goblets', for a dish of wood`;
My sceptre', for a painter's walking staff`;
My subjects', for a pair of carvèd saints`:
And my large kingdom', for a little grave`:—
A little', little grave`—an obscure grave`.

ECHO, OR REPETITION.

RULE XV. *The repetition of a word or thought introductory to some particulars, requires the high rising inflection, and a long pause after it. This is frequently the language of excitement; the mind recurs to the exciting idea, and acquires fresh intensity from the repetition of it.*

EXAMPLES.

Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give its sanction to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? *measures'*, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing kingdom to scorn and contempt.

Shall I, who was born, I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general—*shall I'*, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only

of the Alpine nations, but of the Alps themselves; *shall I** compare myself with this half-year captain? A *captain'!* before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul.

Tell them I grieve not for my death—
Grieve !—Ours hath been a race of steel;
Stedfast and stern—yea, fixed in faith,
Though doom'd Power's scourge to feel.

What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom`? What motive'? That', which Nature, the common parent', plants in the bosom of man`, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian' than in the Englishman', is still congenial with' and makes part of his being`.

Banish'd from Rome? What's *banish'd*" but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?

CIRCUMFLEX.

RULE XVI. *A certain sort of emphasis, which unites the rising and falling inflection on the same word, is called circumflex.*

When the word terminates with the rising inflection, it is called the rising circumflex: if with the falling inflection, the falling circumflex.

The rising circumflex is marked thus, v, the falling, thus, ʌ.

EXAMPLES.

Yes; they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion', avarice", and pride`,

Queen. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.

Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Most courteous tyrants! Romans! rare patterns of humanity`!

If you said so, then *I* said so.

MONOTONE.

RULE XVII. *When words are not varied by inflection they are said to be pronounced in a Monotone. This is used when anything awful or sublime is to be expressed.*

* The last SHALL I may be considered as emphatic—the height of the climax—and of course takes the strong falling slide.

EXAMPLES.

O when he comes',
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme',
To heaven ascending from some guilty land',
Now, *ripe for vengeance*`; when he comes, *array'd*
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath',—
Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm',
And on the miscreants pours destruction down'',
Who can abide his coming`? Who can bear
His whole displeasure`?

High on a *throne* of *royal state*, which *far*
Outshone the *wealth* of *Ormus*, and of *Ind*,
Or *where* the *gorgeous east*, with *richest hand*,
Showers on her *kings barbaric*, pearls and gold,
Satan exalted sat!

And in the bright blaze of thy festal hall',
When vassals kneel, and kindred smile around thee',
May ruin'd Bertram's pledge hiss in thine ear'—
Joy to the proud dame of St. Aldobrand',
While his cold corse doth bleach beneath her towers`!

Oh, crested Lochiel, the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height'!
Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn.

EXAMPLES

MARKED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE FOREGOING RULES

I.

THE EARTH.

To us`, who dwell on its surface', the earth' is by far` the most extensive' orb that our eyes' can any' where behold`; it is also clothed' with verdure`, distinguished by trees', and adorned' with a variety' of beautiful' decorations`; whereas', to a spectator` placed on one of the planets', it wears a uniform` aspect; looks` all luminous', and no larger' than a spot`. To beings` who dwell at still greater' distances, it entirely disappears`. That' which we call alternately the morning` and the evening' star, as in one` part of the orbit' she rides' foremost` in the procession' of night`, in the other` ushers in` and anticipates` the dawn', is a planetary' world` which', with the four others` that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance', are in themselves dark` bodies, and shine' only by reflection`, have fields`, and seas', and

skies' of their own`; are furnished' with all accommodations` for animal subsistence', and are supposed` to be the abodes' of intellectual life`; all which`, together with our earthly' habitation, are dependent` on that grand dispenser` of divine munificence', the sun`; receive' their light` from the distribution` of his rays', and derive` their comfort' from his benign' agency`.

II.

HEALTH.

Health' is so necessary' to all' the duties`, as well as pleasures' of life, that the crime` of squandering' it is equal' to the folly`; and he`, that, for a short gratification', brings weakness' and diseases` upon himself, and for the pleasures' of a few years` passed in the tumults' of diversion` and clamours` of merriment', condemns the maturer` and more experienced` part of his life to the chamber` and the couch', may be justly' reproached`, not only as a spendthrift` of his own happiness', but as a robber' of the public`; as a wretch` that has voluntarily` disqualified` himself for the business of his station', and refused` that part' which Providence` assigns' him in the general` task' of human' nature`.

There are perhaps' very few` conditions more to be pitied' than that' of an active` and elevated` mind', labouring` under the weight' of a distempered body`; the time` of such a man' is always spent` in forming schemes', which a change` of wind hinders' him from executing`; his powers' fume` away' in projects` and in hope', and the day` of action' never' arrives`. He lies` down' delighted' with the thoughts' of to-morrow`, pleases' his ambition` with the fame` he shall acquire', or his benevolence' with the good' he shall confer`. But in the night', the skies' are overcast`, the temper` of the air' is changed`; he wakes in languor', impatience`, and distraction', and has no longer' any wish` but for ease', nor any attention' but to misery`. It may be said` that disease' generally begins` that equality' which death' completes`; the distinctions which set one` man so much above another' are very little` perceived in the gloom' of a sick`-chamber`, where' it will be vain` to expect entertainment` from the gay', or instruction' from the wise`; when all human glory' is obliterated`, the wit is clouded`, the reasoner perplexed`, and the hero subdued'; where the highest` and brightest' of mortal beings finds nothing` left' him but the consciousness' of innocence`.

III.

THE TONGUE.

By the use of the tongue', God` hath distinguished' us from beasts`, and by the well` or ill' using of it, we are distinguished' from one another`; and, therefore`, though silence be inno-

cent as death', harmless' as a rose's breath` to a distant` passenger', yet it is rather' the state' of death` than life'; and, therefore', when the Egyptians sacrificed to Harpocrates', their god of silence', in the midst' of their rites they cried out`, "the tongue' is an angel`," good` or bad', that is' as it happens`; silence` was to them a god', but the tongue' is greater`; it is the band` of human intercourse', and makes men apt' to unite in societies' and republics`: and I remember' what' one' of the ancients` said, that we are better` in the company` of a known dog' than of a man' whose speech' is not known; for by voices' and homilies`, by questions' and answers`, by narratives' and invectives`, by counsel' and reproof`, by praises' and hymns`, by prayers` and glorifications', we serve God's` glory', and the necessities' of men`; and by the tongue', our tables' are made` to differ' from mangers`, our cities` from deserts', our churches` from hordes of beasts' and flocks' of sheep`. Since nature' hath taught` us to speak, and God` requires' it, and our thankfulness' obliges` us, and our necessities` engage' us, and charity' sometimes calls` for it, and innocence` is to be defended', and we are to speak` in the cause` of the oppressed`, and open our mouths` in the cause of God'; and it is always' a seasonable` prayer, that God' would open our lips` that our mouth may do the work of heaven`, and declare' his praises`, and show forth` his glory'; it concerns' us to take care` that nature` be changed' into grace`, necessity` into choice', that`, while we speak` the greatness' of God`, and minister to the needs` of our neighbours', and do the works' of life' and religion`, of society` and prudence', we may be fitted' to bear a part` in the songs` of the angels', when they shall rejoice` at the feast` of the marriage supper of the Lamb`.

IV.

THE DEPARTED SPIRITS OF THE JUST ARE SPECTATORS OF OUR CONDUCT ON EARTH.

From what happened on the Mount of Transfiguration`, we may infer`, not only that the separated spirits of good' men` live' and act`, and enjoy happiness`; but that they take some interest in the business of this' world, and even that their interest` in it has a connection` with the pursuits` and habits' of their former` life. The virtuous cares which occupied them on earth', follow them into their new` abode. Moses and Elias` had spent the days of their' temporal pilgrimage in promoting among their brethren', the knowledge` and the worship' of the true God`. They are still` attentive to the same great object; and, enraptured` at the prospect of its advancement', they descend` on this occasion` to animate` the labours` of Jesus', and to prepare him for his victory' over the powers of hell`.

What a delightful subject of contemplation' does this reflection open' to the pious' and benevolent` mind! what a spring' does it give to all the better energies of the heart`! Your labours of love`, your plans of beneficence`, your swellings of satisfaction` in the rising reputation of those whose virtues you have cherished', will not, we have reason` to hope, be terminated' by the stroke' of death`. No`!—your spirits will still linger around the objects of their former attachment`; they will behold with rapture, even the distant` effects of those beneficent` institutions' which they once' delighted' to rear`; they will watch with a pious satisfaction over the growing prosperity of the country' which they loved`; with a parent's fondness', and a parent's exultation`, they will share' in the fame` of their virtuous` posterity'; and—by the permission of God'—they may descend' at times`, as guardian` angels', to shield them from danger', and to conduct' them to glory`!

Of all' the thoughts` that can enter the human mind', this' is one of the most animating' and consolatory`. It scatters flowers' around the bed of death`. It enables us' who are left behind`, to support with firmness`, the departure` of our best beloved friends', because it teaches' us that they are not lost to us for ever`. They are still` our friends. Though they be now gone to another' apartment in our Father's house, they have carried' with them the remembrance` and the feeling' of their former' attachments`. Though invisible' to us—they bend from their dwelling on high', to cheer' us in our pilgrimage' of duty`, to rejoice` with us in our prosperity', and, in the hour of virtuous` exertion', to shed through our souls`, the blessedness' of heaven`. *Finlayson.*

V.

ON STUDY.

Studies' serve` for delight', for ornament', and for ability`. Their chief use for delight', is in privateness' and retiring`; for ornament', is in discourse'; and for ability', is in the judgment` and disposition' of business`. For expert` men can execute', and perhaps judge` of particulars, one` by one'; but the general' counsels`, and the plots`, and marshalling' of affairs, come` best' from those' that are learned`. To spend too` much time' in studies is sloth`; to use' them too much for ornament`, is affectation'; to make judgment wholly` by their rules, is the humour' of a scholar`. They perfect` nature', and are perfected' by experience`; for natural` abilities' are like natural plants`, that need pruning by study'; and studies themselves` do give forth directions` too much at large', except they be bounded` in' by experience`.

Crafty' men contemn` studies, simple` men admire' them, and wise' men use` them; for they teach not their own' use, but

that there is a wisdom without` them, and above' them, won' by observation'. Read'—not to contradict` and refute', not to believe` and take for granted', not to find talk` and discourse'—but to weigh' and consider`. Some' books are to be tasted`; others,` to be swallowed'; and some` few', to be chewed' and digested`: that is, some' books are to be read only in parts`; others`, to be read`—but not curiously'; and some` few', to be read wholly', and with diligence' and attention`. Some books also may be read by deputy`, and extracts of them made by others'; but that should be only in the less' important arguments, and the meaner` sort of books; else distilled' books` are like common` distilled` waters'—flashy' things`.

Reading' maketh a full` man; conference` a ready' man; and writing' an exact` man. And, therefore, if a man write' little, he had need have present' wit`; if he confer` little, he had need have a good` memory'; and if he read' little, he had need have much cunning' to seem` to know' that he doth not`. *Bacon.*

VI.

CHARACTER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To all' the charms' of beauty` and the utmost' elegance` of external` form', Mary' added` those` accomplishments' which render` their impression' irresistible`. Polite', affable`, insinuating`, sprightly', and capable of speaking` and of writing' with equal' ease' and dignity`; sudden`, however, and violent' in all her attachments`, because her heart' was warm' and unsuspicious`, impatient' of contradiction`, because' she had been accustomed' from her infancy` to be treated as a queen; no' stranger`, on some` occasions, to dissimulation'; which', in that' perfidious' court` where she received` her education', was reckoned' among the necessary` arts of government; not' insensible' to flattery`, or unconscious` of that` pleasure' with which almost every` woman' beholds` the influence' of her own' beauty`; formed' with the qualities' that we love`, not` with the talents` that we admire'—she was an agreeable` woman', rather' than an illustrious' queen`.

The vivacity' of her spirit`, not sufficiently` tempered' with sound' judgment`; and the warmth` of her heart', which was not at all` times under the restraint` of discretion`; betrayed' her both into errors', and into crimes`. To say` that she was always` unfortunate', will not account` for that long' and almost uninterrupted` succession of calamities', which befel her; we must likewise` add', that she was often' imprudent`. Her passion` for Darnley' was rash', youthful', and excessive`; and, though the sudden' transition` to the opposite` extreme' was the natural` consequence' of her' ill-requited' love`, and of his' in-

gratitude', insolence', and brutality'; yet neither these', nor Bothwell's' artful' addresses' and important' services', can justitity' her attachment' to that' nobleman'. Even the manners' of the age', licentious' as they were', are no apology for this' unhappy passion; nor can they induce' us to look' on that tragical' and infamous' scene' which followed' it, with less' abhorrence'. Humanity' will draw' a veil' over this' part of her character, which it cannot approve'; and may' perhaps' prompt' some' to impute her actions' to her situation', more' than to her disposition'; and to lament' the unhappiness' of the former', rather than accuse' the perverseness' of the latter'.

Mary's' sufferings' exceed', both' in degree' and duration', those tragical' distresses' which fancy' has feigned', to excite sorrow' and commiseration'; and, while we survey' them, we are apt altogether' to forget' her frailties; we think' of her faults' with less indignation', and approve' of our tears', as if they were shed' for a person' who had attained' much' nearer' to pure virtue'. "No' man," says Brantome', "ever' beheld' her person' without admiration' and love', or will read' her history' without sorrow'." *Robertson.*

VII.

BRETHREN SHOULD DWELL TOGETHER IN HARMONY.

Two' brothers,' named Timon' and Demetrius', having quarrelled' with each other, Socrates,' their common friend', was solicitous' to restore' amity' between them. Meeting, therefore, with Demetrius', he thus' accosted' him: "Is not friendship' the sweetest' solace in adversity', and the greatest' enhancement' of the blessings of prosperity'?" "Certainly' it is," replied Demetrius; "because our sorrows' are diminished', and our joys increased', by sympathetic participation." "Amongst whom, then, must we look' for a friend?" said Socrates. "Would you search among strangers'?—They cannot be interested' about you. Amongst your rivals'?—They have an interest in opposition' to yours. Amongst those who are much older' or younger' than yourself?—Their' feelings' and pursuits' will be widely different' from yours. Are there not, then, some' circumstances' favourable', and others' essential', to the formation of friendship'?" "Undoubtedly' there are," answered Demetrius. "May we not enumerate'," continued Socrates, "amongst the circumstances favourable' to friendship, long acquaintance', common connections', similitude of age', and union of interest'?" "I acknowledge'," said Demetrius, "the powerful' influence' of these' circumstances'; but they' may subsist', and yet' others' be wanting', that are essential' to mutual amity." "And what'," said Socrates, "are those' essentials' which are wanting' in Timon'?" "He has forfeited' my esteem' and attach-

ment`," answered Demetrius. "And has he also' forfeited the esteem and attachment of the rest' of mankind? Is he devoid of benevolence', generosity', gratitude', and other' social affections?" "Far' be it from me`," cried Demetrius, "to lay so heavy' a charge upon him. His conduct to others', is', I believe', irreproachable`; whence it wounds me the more`, that he should sing`e` me` out' as the object' of his unkindness`."—"Suppose' you have a very valuable' horse`," resumed Socrates, "gentle' under the treatment' of others`, but ungovernable` when you' attempt to use him; would you not endeavour`, by all` means', to conciliate' his affection, and to treat' him in the way most likely to render him tractable'?—Or if you have a dog`, highly prized for his fidelity', watchfulness', and care' of your flocks`; who is fond` of your shepherds', and playful` with them; and yet snarls` whenever' you' come in his way; would you attempt to cure' him of his fault, by angry looks or words, or any other' marks of resentment? You would surely pursue an opposite' course with him. And is not the friendship of a brother' of far' more' worth' than the services' of a horse', or the attachment' of a dog'? Why`, then, do you delay` to put in practice' those` means' which may reconcile' you to Timon`?" "Acquaint` me with those means," answered Demetrius; "for I am a stranger to them." "Answer me a few questions`, said Socrates. "If you desire` that one of your neighbours should invite' you to his feast`, when he offers a sacrifice', what course` would you take?"—"I would first` invite' him to mine`." "And how would you induce' him to take the charge of your affairs`, when you are on a journey`?"—"I should be forward to do the same' good office to him`, in his absence." "If you be solicitous to remove a prejudice' which he may have received against you, how would you then` behave towards him?'—"I should endeavour to convince` him, by my looks`, words`, and actions', that such` prejudice' was ill'-founded`." "And, if he appeared` inclined` to reconciliation', would you reproach him with the injustice he had done you?"—"No!" answered Demetrius; "I would repeat` no` grievances'." "Go'," said Socrates, "and pursue` that' conduct` towards` your brother', which you would practise to a neighbour`. His' friendship is of inestimable` worth; and nothing` is more' lovely` in the sight of Heaven', than for brethren' to dwell' together in unity`."

Percival.

THE ELOCUTIONIST.

PIECES FOR READING AND DECLAMATION.

LESSON I.

Future Prospects of the American Continent.—ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

IT was the astonishing progress of the United States that first clearly unfolded the principles on which the multiplication of human beings depends. We know with certainty that a prosperous community, possessing abundance of unoccupied land, will double its numbers in twenty-five years, without aid from emigration; and, as the scale ascends in a geometrical ratio, a short time necessarily produces a wonderful change. In the United States the whites increase at the rate of three or three and a half per cent. per annum; and when the Spanish American republics have settled down in a tranquil state, there is no doubt that their white inhabitants will multiply at the same rate.

In 1830, the entire white population being estimated at twenty-one millions, this number, in 1855, will be increased to forty-two millions; in 1880, to eighty-four millions; in 1905, to one hundred and sixty-eight millions; and in 1930, to three hundred and thirty millions. As the difficulty of providing for the growing animal increment of inhabitants must increase with the magnitude of the population, let us assume, that at the end of a century, the rate of increase falls to two per cent. The period of doubling will then be thirty-six years; consequently, the white population in

1966, will be six hundred and seventy-two millions; in 2002, it will be one billion three hundred and forty-four millions; and in 2030, it will be two billions six hundred and eighty-eight millions.

Thus, in two centuries, the whites now in America would multiply to a mass of people three times as great as are at present on the whole surface of the globe. Of the thirty-one millions of square miles which compose Europe, Asia and Africa, we cannot find that the productive soil constitutes so much as one-third, and of that third a part is poor. The whole surface of the American continent contains thirteen millions nine hundred thousand square miles, and deducting three millions nine hundred thousand as arid soil, there are left ten millions as soil of a productive quality.

The degree of productiveness depends on climate; it follows, that if the natural resources of America were fully developed, it would afford sustenance to three billions six hundred millions of inhabitants—a number five times as great as the entire mass of human beings existing at present upon the globe. And what is more surprising, there is every probability that this prodigious population will be in existence within three, or, at most, four centuries. The imagination is lost in contemplating a state of things which will make so great and rapid a change in the condition of the world.

We almost fancy that it is a dream; and yet the result is based on principles quite as certain as those which govern the conduct of men in their ordinary pursuits. There are many elements of disorder now operating in Spanish America, but these are merely the dregs left by the old Spanish despotisms; and the Anglo-American republic is a pole-star to guide the people in their course towards freedom and prosperity.

Nearly all social improvements spring from the reciprocal influence of condensed numbers and diffused intelligence. What, then, will be the state of society in America two centuries hence, when a thousand millions of civilized men are crowded into a space comparatively so narrow, and when this immense mass of human beings speak only two languages, or what is as likely, only *one* language, the English? History shows that wealth, power, science,

literature, all follow in the train of numbers, general intelligence and freedom.

The same causes which transferred the sceptre of civilization from the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile to western Europe, must in the course of no long period, carry it from the latter to the plains of the Mississippi and the Amazon.—Society, after all, is in its infancy; the habitable world, when its productive powers are regarded, may be said hitherto to have been an untenanted waste.

If any one suspects us of drawing on our fancy, we would request him to examine thoroughly the condition and past progress of the North American Republic. Let him look at its amazing strides in wealth, intelligence, and social improvement; at its indestructible liberty; and above all, at the prodigious growth of its population—and let him answer the question to himself, what power can stop the tide of civilization which is pouring from its single source over an unoccupied world?

LESSON II.

Human Progress.—CHAPIN.

Let us clearly understand what is meant by *Human Progress.* It must be distinctly separated from the doctrine of *Human Perfectibility.* That men in this world will ever be, in all respects, perfect, is one doctrine—and that men will pass from lower degrees of excellence up to higher, and *maintain their advantage,* is another doctrine. This last is the doctrine of Human Progress. That our age holds an amount of refinement and civilization that preceding ages did not have, seems evident. We may not see minutely how this operation of human progress goes on—we may not be able to trace the transfusion of the good and the true through every particle and member. But we see the *grand result.*

So the great ocean comes on imperceptibly. Men build their huts at the foot of some huge mountain, and till the green fields that spread out before them—thinking nothing so permanent. But, by and by, *other* men come that

way, and the green fields are all gone. The summer fruit has long since been gathered. Where the husbandman found his wealth, the fisher draws his support—where the sickles whispered to the bending corn, the ships of war go sheeting by—and the old mountain has become a grey and wave-beaten crag, a landmark to the distant mariner, and a turret where the sea-bird screams.

But this was accomplished *imperceptibly*. One generation may not have witnessed the advancement of the waters—another may have passed away without noting it; but slowly they kept advancing. And by and by, all men saw it—saw the *grand result*, though they did not mark each successive operation. So with human progress. One age may scarcely observe it, and another may die without faith in it; but we must take some distant period that is not too closely blended with our time, and compare that with the present, and in the *grand result* we shall discover that there has been human progress.

Still, some may say, "Yes, there has been progress, but not over the whole world—there have been salient points, but also retreating angles, and when you speak of *human* progress you must appeal to the world at large—say, has *that* advanced?" I answer, that in the world, somewhere, there has been a constant tendency to advancement. Even the dark times have been seasons of fruition—the middle ages nourished and prepared glorious elements of human reformation. If one nation has lost the thread of human advancement, another has taken it up—and so the work has gone forward; if not in the race, as a whole, at any one time, yet *in the race somewhere.*

But the race is fundamentally the same, and what may be predicated of a portion of mankind as belonging essentially to humanity, may be predicated of the whole, and so in the advancement of a *portion* of the race, the *whole* becomes hopeful. *The capacity of the race for progress has been demonstrated.* Is that capacity never to be gratified? Though the period never has been that all the race were at the same time on the same level—who shall say that the time never will come? That it never can come? Who shall say, so long as the capacity exists, how quick the transfusion of what is excellent in one portion may be made through the whole?

A victory over the formal Asiatic, grim and bloody as it is, may be one agent of such transfusion. A triumph of machinery may help to accomplish it. The steam-car may carry truth and light over drifted deserts and frozen mountains. The march of opinion, aided by circumstances, may penetrate to lands that never knew the commerce of Phœnicia, or the wisdom of Athens—where Alexander never ventured with his hosts, and where Cæsar turned back his eagles.

This is the main point—not *universal* progress, but *human* progress—not progress *everywhere*, but progress *somewhere*. Grant but that, and all humanity becomes hopeful—grant but the capacity, and the doctrine is practicable—let the law be in operation only at one point, still it is a *law*, and as such is to be heeded and acted upon. Old notions may die, but new notions shall spring up. Let the *principle* be at work, and no one can limit the result.

It may take a longer sweep of ages than have yet passed over mankind, to bring all nations to the same point of advancement; some nations, now here and now there, may always be in advance of others, yet if the others advance also, the great law will be in operation. And no people shall have lived or died in vain. Into the deepest sepulchres of the Old and the Past a new life shall be kindled, showing that they have not waited so long for nothing. Dim Meroé will shout freedom from beyond the fountains of the Nile, and the stony lips of the Sphynx shall preach the Gospel!

LESSON III.

Damon and Pythias.—BROOKE.

When Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse to die on a certain day, he begged permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the king intended peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life.

Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself as security for his friend; which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty.

The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and, therefore, when the day of execution drew near, his majesty had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his confinement. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the king delivered it as his opinion, that self-interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise, to keep in awe and impose upon the weak— "My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence.— But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I shall have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more value, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!"

Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered: he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guards with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there; he was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive, and attentive to the prisoner. Pythias came; he vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned with a placid countenance, and addressed the spectators:

"My prayers are heard," he cried: "the gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come; he could

not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. Oh, could I erase from your bosom every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble; that his truth is unimpeachable; that he will speedily prove it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods: but I hasten to prevent his speed.—Executioner, do your office."

As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to rise among the remotest of the people—a distant voice was heard—the crowd caught the words, and, "stop, stop the execution," was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed—the throng gave way to his approach: he was mounted on a steed of foam: in an instant, he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias tightly embraced.

"You are safe," he cried, "you are safe! My friend, my beloved friend, the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own."

Pale, cold, and half-speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents—"Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; he wept; and, leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried; "ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue! and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned: and, oh! form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy the participation of so sacred a friendship."

LESSON IV.

On the Abuse of Genius, with reference to the Works of Lord Byron.—KNOWLES.

I HAVE endeavoured to show, that the intrinsic value of genius is a secondary consideration, compared to the use to which it is applied; that genius ought to be estimated chiefly by the character of the subject upon which it is employed, or of the cause which it advocates—considering it, in fact, as a mere instrument, a weapon, a sword, which may be used in a good cause, or in a bad one; may be wielded by a patriot, or a highwayman; may give protection to the dearest interests of society, or may threaten those interests with the irruption of pride, and profligacy, and folly—of all the vices which compose the curse and degradation of our species.

I am the more disposed to dwell a little upon this subject, because I am persuaded that it is not sufficiently attended to—nay, that in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, it is not attended to at all:—that works of imagination are perused, for the sake of the wit which they display; which wit not only reconciles us to, but endears to us, opinions, and feelings, and habits, at war with wisdom and morality—to say nothing of religion:—in short, that we admire the polish, the temper, and shape of the sword, and the dexterity with which it is wielded, though it is the property of a lunatic, or of a bravo; though it is brandished in the face of wisdom and virtue; and, at every wheel, threatens to inflict a wound, that will disfigure s ome feature, or lop some member; or, with masterly adroitness aims a death-thrust at the heart!

I would deprive genius of the worship that is paid to it, for its own sake. Instead of allowing it to dictate to the world, I would have the world dictate to it—dictate to it, so far as the vital interests of society are affected. I know it is the opinion of many, that the moral of mere poetry is of little avail; that we are charmed by its melody and wit, and uninjured by its levity and profaneness; and hence, many a thing has been allowed in poetry, which would

have been scouted, deprecated, reviled, had it appeared in prose: as if vice and folly were less pernicious, for being introduced to us with an elegant and insinuating address; or, as if the graceful folds and polished scales of a serpent, were an antidote against the venom of its sting.

There is not a more prolific source of human error, than that railing at the world, which obtrudes itself so frequently upon our attention, in the perusing of Lord Byron's poems —that sickness of disgust, which begins its indecent heavings, whensoever the idea of the species forces itself upon him. The species is not perfect; but it retains too much of the image of its Maker, preserves too many evidences of the modelling of the hand that fashioned it, is too near to the hovering providence of its disregarded, but still cherishing Author, to excuse, far less to call for, or justify, desertion, or disclaiming, or revilings, upon the part of any one of its members.

I know not a more pitiable object, than the man, who, standing upon the pigmy eminence of his own self-importance, looks around upon the species, with an eye that never throws a beam of satisfaction on the prospect, but visits with a scowl whatsoever it lights upon. The world is not that reprobate world, that it should be cut off from the visitation of charity; that it should be represented, as having no alternative, but to inflict or bear. Life is not one continued scene of wrestling with our fellows. Mankind are not for ever grappling one another by the throat. There is such a thing as the grasp of friendship, as the outstretched hand of benevolence, as an interchange of good offices, as a mingling, a crowding, a straining together, for the relief, or the benefit of our species.

The moral he thus inculcates, is one of the most baneful tendency. The principle of self-love—implanted in us for the best, but capable of being perverted to the worst of purposes—by a fatal abuse, too often disposes to indulge in this sweeping depreciation of the species, founded upon some fallacious idea of superior value in ourselves; with which imaginary excellence we conceive the world to be at war. A greater source of error cannot exist.

LESSON V.

To The Rainbow.—CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws.

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told, why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
  Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
  Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
  The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
  The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
  O'er mountain, tower, and town!
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
  A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
  As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
  First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
  Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
  That first spoke peace to man.

LESSON VI.

The Battle-Field.—W. C. Bryant.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
  Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
  Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah, never shall the land forget
  How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and valour yet,
  Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
  Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
  And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry—
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought—but thou,
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now—
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Though weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot!
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not!

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou die upon the dust,
When those who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here;

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave!

LESSON VII.

The Broken Heart.—PERCIVAL.

He has gone to the land where the dead are still,
And mute the song of gladness;
He drank at the cup of grief his fill,
And his life was a dream of madness;
The victim of Fancy's torturing spell,
From hope to darkness driven,
His agony was the rack of hell,
His joy the thrill of heaven.

He has gone to the land where the dead are cold,
And thought will sting him, never;
The tomb its darkest veil has rolled
O'er all his faults forever;
O! there was a light that shone within
The gloom that hung around him;
His heart was formed to woo and win,
But love had never crowned him.

He has gone to the land where the dead may rest
In a soft unbroken slumber;
Where the pulse that swelled his anguished breast
Shall never his tortures number;
Ah! little the reckless witlings know
How keenly throbbed and smarted
That bosom which burned with the brightest glow
Till crushed and broken-hearted.

He longed to love, and a frown was all
The cold and thoughtless gave him;
He sprang to Ambition's trumpet call,
But back they rudely drave him;
He glowed with a spirit pure and high—
They called the feeling madness;
And he wept for wo, with a melting eye—
'Twas weak and moody sadness.

He sought, with an ardor full and keen,
To rise to a noble station,
But repulsed by the proud, the cold, the mean,
He sank in desperation;
They called him away to pleasure's bowers,
But gave him a poisoned chalice,
And from her alluring wreath of flowers
They glanced the grin of malice.

He felt that the charm of life was gone,
That his hopes were chilled and blasted,
That being wearily lingered on
In sadness, while it lasted;
He turned to the picture fancy drew,
Which he thought would darken never;
It fled; to the damp cold grave he flew,
And he sleeps with the dead forever.

LESSON VIII.

Against the American War.—LORD CHATHAM.

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood

against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence!"

The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst;* but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much.

You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent —doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms —never, never, never!

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country.

My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution.

I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the *genius of the constitution.* From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.

To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—your Protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast preeminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity.

I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

LESSON IX.

Reply to the Duke of Grafton.—Lord Thurlow.

[The duke had (in the House of Lords) reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission to the peerage. Lord Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor addresses the house; then fixing his eye upon the duke, spoke as follows.]

My lords, I am amazed, yes, my lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords, the language of the noble duke is as applicable and insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do. But, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage.

Nay, more, I can and will say, that, as a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honourable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me—as a

MAN, I am at this moment as respectable, I beg leave to add, as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon

LESSON X.

Speech in favour of the War of the Revolution.—PATRICK HENRY.

MR. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No,

sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which

the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we are base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! but there *is* no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery. Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

LESSON XI.

Supposed Speech of John Adams in favour of signing the Declaration of Independence.—D. WEBSTER.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote! It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave

either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honour? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague near you; are not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill, and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men—that plighting, before God, of our sacred honour to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives?

I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through.

And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do, while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestines our independence, than by yielding the point in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would re

gard as the result of fortune; the latter she could feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honour. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me

have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bon-fires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment;—independence *now*; and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

LESSON XII.

Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.—CHANNING.

To rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by striking, bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results. To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him, if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object; but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and, by the suddenness of its new creations, should awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires.

Such seems to us to have been the distinction or charac-

teristic modification of his love of fame. It was a diseased passion for a kind of admiration, which, from the principles of our nature, cannot be enduring, and which demands for its support perpetual and more stimulating novelty. Mere esteem he would have scorned. Calm admiration, though universal and enduring, would have been insipid. He wanted to electrify and overwhelm. He lived for effect. The world was his theatre; and he cared little what part he played, if he might walk the sole hero on the stage, and call forth bursts of applause which would silence all other fame.

In war, the triumphs which he coveted were those in which he seemed to sweep away his foes like a whirlwind; and the immense and unparalleled sacrifice of his own soldiers, in the rapid marches and daring assaults to which he owed his victories, in no degree diminished their worth to the victor. In peace, he delighted to hurry through his dominions; to multiply himself by his rapid movements; to gather at a glance the capacities of improvement which every important place possessed; to suggest plans which would startle by their originality and vastness; to project, in an instant, works which a life could not accomplish, and to leave behind the impression of a superhuman energy.

He was characterized by nothing more strongly than by the spirit of *self-exaggeration*. The singular energy of his intellect and will, through which he had mastered so many rivals and foes, and overcome what seemed insuperable obstacles, inspired a consciousness of being something more than man. His strong original tendencies to pride and self exaltation, fed and pampered by strange success and unbounded applause, swelled into an almost insane conviction of superhuman greatness. In his own view, he stood apart from other men. He was not to be measured by the standard of humanity. He was not to be retarded by difficulties, to which all others yielded. He was not to be subjected to laws and obligations, which all others were expected to obey. Nature and the human will were to bend to his power. He was the child and favourite of fortune; and, if not the lord, the chief object of destiny.

His history shows a spirit of self-exaggeration, unrivalled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an Oriental king, to whom incense had been burnt from his birth as to

a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood, which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him.

His heart, amidst all its wild beatings, never had one throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind,—to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude,—that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and for this selfish, solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown.

LESSON XIII.

Character of Washington.—Lord Brougham.

How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences, when, turning from the contemplation of such a character as Napoleon, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or any age;—the only one upon whom an epithet so thoughtlessly lavished by men, to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed! In Washington we truly behold a marvellous contrast to almost every one of the endowments and the vices which we have been contemplating; and which are so well fitted to excite a mingled admiration, and sorrow, and abhorrence.

With none of that brilliant genius which dazzles ordinary minds; with not even any remarkable quickness of apprehension; with knowledge less than almost all persons in the middle ranks, and many well educated of the hum-

bler classes, possess; this eminent person is presented to our observation clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles—removing or avoiding rather than overleaping them.

If profound sagacity, unshaken steadiness of purpose, the entire subjugation of all the passions which carry havoc through ordinary minds, and oftentimes lay waste the fairest prospects of greatness—nay, the discipline of those feelings which are wont to lull or to seduce genius, and to mar and to cloud over the aspect of virtue herself—joined with, or rather leading to the most absolute self-denial, the most habitual and exclusive devotion to principle—if these things can constitute a great character, without either quickness of apprehension, or resources of information, or inventive powers, or any brilliant quality that might dazzle the vulgar—then surely Washington was the greatest man that ever lived in this world uninspired by Divine wisdom, and unsustained by supernatural virtue.

His courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A perfect just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than to be by others overawed; never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away by his own weaknesses or self-delusions, any more than by other men's arts; nor ever to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoilt on the giddy heights of fortune—such was this great man—great, pre-eminently great, whether we regard him sustaining alone the whole weight of campaigns all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage—presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes—or directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man—or finally retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had

raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required—retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants.

This is the consummate glory of Washington; a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior, whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required!

To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a captain the patron of peace, and a statesman the friend of justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the war for liberty, and charged them "Never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence, or in defence of their country and her freedom;" and commanded them, that "when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheath it nor ever give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof"—words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome.

It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of WASHINGTON!

LESSON XIV.

Washington's Monument.—ANONYMOUS.

Few columns rose when Rome was free,
To mark her patriots' last repose;

When she outlived her liberty,
The Emp'rors' mausoleums rose;
And Trajan's shaft was reared at last,
When freedom from the Tiber pass'd.

"Better than Trajan," lowly lies,
By broad Potomac's silent shore,
Hallowing the green declivities
With glory now and evermore.
Art to his fame no aid hath lent—
His country is his monument.

LESSON XV.

Corn Fields.—MARY HOWITT.

IN the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst,
When blue-bells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first;
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
And summer groweth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold,
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.

But, then, as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden beds
The red rose groweth wan,
And hollyhock and sunflower tall
O'ertop the mossy garden-wall:—

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down:
O, then, what joy to walk at will,
Upon that golden harvest-hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
  Amid a field new-shorn:
And see all round, on sun-lit slopes,
  The piled-up shocks of corn,
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore!

I feel the day; I see the field;
  The quivering of the leaves;
And good old Jacob and his house
  Binding the yellow sheaves;
And, at this very hour, I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
  And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
  And Boaz looking on;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners, stooping there.

Again I see a little child,
  His mother's sole delight;
God's living gift of love unto
  The kind, good Shunamite;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
  The fields of Galilee,
That, eighteen hundred years ago,
  Were full of corn, I see;
And the dear Saviour take his way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
  How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
  To me are like a dream:
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there!

LESSON XVI.

Abou Ben Adhem.—LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And, to the presence in the room, he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look, made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" asked Abou—"Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still; and said—"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LESSON XVII.

Eloquence and Logic. From an Eulogy on H. S. Legaré, of South Carolina.—W. C. PRESTON.

OUR popular institutions demand a talent for speaking, and create a taste for it. Liberty and eloquence are united in all ages. Where the sovereign power is found in the public mind and the public heart, eloquence is the obvious approach to it. Power and honour, and all that can attract ardent and aspiring natures, attend it. The noblest instinct is to propagate the spirit, "to make our mind the mind of other men," and wield the sceptre in the realms of passion. Smitten with the love, he devoted himself to the culture of eloquence, from his boyhood. He was by nature endowed

with an active imagination, warm sensibilities, a vigourous mind, and an easy flow of speech. To these he added, as we have seen, all that labour could achieve; nor was he inattentive to the minuter accomplishments of the voice and gesture, which contribute, in their degree, to successful speaking, and, by the authority of the most illustrious examples, are shewn to be worthy of attention.

In his gesture it was a great triumph of art and perseverance to overcome defects, in which he eminently succeeded. To improve his voice, it was his practice for many years to task it with long and varied declamation, trying it upon his ear with frequent repetition, to attain the exact intonation, for he properly conceived that there is "full many a tone" of thought and feeling beyond the reach of words or action, which are vibrated to the heart by the voice only. Besides these exercises, he subjected it to the more invigorating discipline of speaking in the open harbour, to a remote part of which he was occasionally rowed by his servant, where he declaimed upon the vacant air and sea, passages from the ancients or moderns, and sometimes whole speeches from Cicero. The result was, that he brought his voice to great perfection, especially in its loftier tones, to which, when it was tasked to the utmost, may be applied the words of Quintillian, *quicquid immensum infinitumque.*

The general characteristics of his style of speaking were similar to those of his writing; developed, of course, with greater elevation and intenseness, as speaking admits of a wider range and bolder contrast, from the highest ascent into the regions of passion, to the most familiar and colloquial narrative. His method of constructing a speech was systematic and exact—the argument always forcibly conceived, and skilfully concatenated, the occasional remarks acute and pregnant—and the learning and thought on the immediate subject or collateral to it, most rich and abundant. The affluence of his knowledge and the quickness of his sensibility, gave him a tendency to amplitude and vehemence, which exposed his oratory to the charge of declamation, as his literary accomplishments had created a suspicion of his law knowledge—the same error arising from the same sources.

In the art of speaking, as in all other arts, a just combination of those qualities necessary to the end proposed, is the

true rule of taste. Excess is always wrong. Too much ornament is an evil—too little, also. The one may impede the progress of the argument, or divert attention from it, by the introduction of extraneous matter—the other may exhaust attention or weary by monotony. Elegance is in a just medium. The safer side to err on, is that of abundance —as profusion is better than poverty; as it is better to be detained by the beauties of a landscape, than by the weariness of the desert.

It is commonly, but mistakenly, supposed, that the enforcing of truth is most successfully effected by a cold and formal logic; but the subtleties of dialectics and the forms of logic, may play as fantastic tricks with truth, as the most potent magic of Fancy. The attempt to apply mathematical precision to moral truth, is always a failure, and generally a dangerous one. If man, and especially masses of men, were purely intellectual, then cold reason would alone be influential to convince—but our nature is most complex, and many of the great truths which it most concerns us to know, are taught us by our instincts, our sentiments, our impulses and our passions.

Even in regard to the highest and holiest of all truth, to know which concerns us here and hereafter, we are not permitted to approach its investigation in the confidence of proud and erring reason, but are taught to become as little children, before we are worthy to receive it. It is to this complex nature that the speaker addresses himself, and the degree of power with which all the elements are evoked, is the criterion of the orator. His business, to be sure, is to convince, but more to persuade; and most of all, to inspire with noble and generous passions.

It is the cant of criticism, in all ages, to make a distinction between logic and eloquence, and to stigmatize the latter as declamation. Logic ascertains the weight of an argument, Eloquence gives it momentum. The difference is that between the *vis inertiæ* of a mass of metal, and the same ball hurled from the cannon's mouth. Eloquence is an argument alive and in motion—the statue of Pygmalion, inspired with vitality.

When in 1828, Mr. Legaré depicted the possible consequences of a collision of the State with the Federal Government, in a few glowing sentences—brother struggling with

brother, parent with child, and the face of the land wrapped in conflagration and streaming with blood—while the slave, amidst the awful confusion, clanking his manacles, leaps up to join the dreadful revelry—was there less power in the argument to arrest the power of Nullification, than if it had been presented with cold continuity and precision? If Mr. Legaré erred in his general manner of speaking, it was not accidental, but the result of a wrong judgment; for his opinion was, that the elegant and vehement style of oratory was the best.

LESSON XVIII.

The Death of Leonidas.—Rev. George Croly.

It was the wild midnight,—a storm was in the sky,
The lightning gave its light, and the thunder echoed by;
The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the shore,
Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground, three hundred took the shield;
Then, silent, gather'd round the leader of the field.
He spoke no warrior-word, he bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal thunder roar'd, and they rush'd upon the foe.

The fiery element, show'd, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart and flag, and tent, like the spectres of a dream.
All up the mountain side, all down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide, waved the Persian banners pale.

And king Leonidas, among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass, like the lightning's living brand;
Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased to moan,
But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw, a blood-red canopy.
A host glared on the hill; a host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rush'd onwards still, like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell, and the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel on the silken turbans came;
And still the Greek rushed on, beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun, shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet, there!
And the treasures of the East lay beneath the Doric spear
Then sat to the repast, the bravest of the brave!
That feast must be their last, that spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name in cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame, was sung in strains divine.
They took the rose-wreath'd lyres from eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires the sounds that freedom gave.

But now the morning star crown'd Œta's twilight brow,
And the Persian horn of war from the hill began to blow;
Up rose the glorious rank, to Greece one cup pour'd high,
Then, hand in hand, they drank—"To Immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell, when, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell, he saw the warriors come;
But down swept all his power, with chariot and with charge;
Down pour'd the arrowy shower, till sank the Dorian's targe.

They march'd within the tent, with all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent, then on high their torches flung;
To heaven the blaze uproll'd, like a mighty altar-fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold were the Grecians' funeral pyre.

Their king sat on the throne, his captains by his side,
While the flame rush'd roaring on, and their pæan loud replied!
Thus fought the Greek of old! Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould bring forth the self-same men?

LESSON XIX.

Death for Our Country.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

OH! it is great for our country to die, when ranks are contending:
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye—
Glory, that never is dim, shining on with a light never ending—
Glory that never shall fade, never, Oh! never away.

Oh! it is sweet for our country to die: how softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country hath perished:
Hebé awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
There at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;
Gods love the young, who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights, shall dwell the devoted for ever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant and free.

Oh! then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, Victory's shout in our ear:
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

LESSON XX.

To One Departed.—T. K. Hervey.

I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad!
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stains it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starr'd
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul—
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marr'd,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;
I know thou hast sipp'd of the Lethé that flows
Through a land where they do not forget—
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

This eye must be dark that so long has been dimm'd
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home
In many a token and sign:
I never look up with a wish to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there:
And I hear a low murmur, like thine in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine;
And thy love that made all things as music to me
I have not *yet* learned to resign:
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb
I am wrapp'd in a mantle of care.

Yet the grief of my spirit—O, call it not *gloom!*—
Is not the black grief of despair:
By sorrow reveal'd, as the stars are by night,
Far off, a bright vision appears;
And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

LESSON XXI.

A Christian viewing Death.—DEWEY.

I HAVE seen one die: she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfil. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action—invested as a halo her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her: but she died! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hand to save her; but they could not save her: and she died! What! did all that loveliness die! Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such tolive in! Forbid it reason, religion! bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought! I have seen one die—in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavour; when wisdom had been learnt from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge, how to live, and to act well and wisely; yet I have seen such an one die!

Was all this treasure gained only to be lost? Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown into utter disuse? Was this instrument—the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe—was it so laboriously fashioned, and by the

most varied and expensive apparatus, that, on the very moment of being finished, it should be cast away forever? No, the dead, as we call them, do not so die They carry their thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they, and we, shall live forever. They open the future world, then, to our faith.

Oh! death!—dark hour to hopeless unbelief! hour to which, in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appalling darkness, even the shadows of an avenging retribution, were brightness and relief—death! what art thou to the Christian's assurance? Great hour! answer to life's prayer—great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery: hour of release from life's burden—hour of reunion with the loved and lost—what mighty hopes hasten to their fulfilment in thee! What longings, what aspirations—breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars—what dread emotions of curiosity—what deep meditations of joy—what hallowed impossibilities shadowing forth realities to the soul, all verge to their consummation in thee! Oh! death! the Christian's death! What art thou, but a gate of life, a portal of heaven, the threshold of eternity!

LESSON XXII.

In favour of acknowledging the Independence of Greece.—HENRY CLAY.

THE resolution proposes a provision of the means to defray the expense of deputing a commissioner or agent to Greece, *whenever* the President, who knows, or ought to know, the disposition of all the European powers, Turkish or Christian, shall deem it proper. The amendment goes to withhold any appropriation to that object, but to make a public declaration of our sympathy with the Greeks, and of our good wishes for the success of their cause. And how

has this simple, unpretending, unambitious—this *harmless* proposition—been treated in debate?

It has been argued, as if it offered aid to the Greeks; as if it proposed the recognition of the independence of their government; as a measure of unjustifiable interference in the internal affairs of a foreign state, and, finally, as war. And those, who thus argue the question, whilst they absolutely surrender themselves to the illusions of their own fervid imaginations, and depict, in glowing terms, the monstrous and alarming consequences, which are to spring out of a proposition so simple, impute to us, who are its humble advocates, Quixotism—Quixotism!

Whilst they are taking the most extravagant and boundless range, and arguing anything and everything but the question before the Committee, they accuse us of enthusiasm, of giving the reins to excited feeling, of being transported by our *imaginations*. No, sir; the resolution is no proposition for aid—nor for recognition, nor for interference, nor for war.

Sir, it is not for Greece alone, that I desire to see this measure adopted. It will give to her but little support, and that purely of a moral kind. It is principally for America, for the credit and character of our common country, for our own unsullied name, that I hope to see it pass. What appearance, Mr. Chairman, on the page of history, would a record like this exhibit:—

"In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold and unfeeling indifference, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States, almost the sole, the last, the greatest, depository of human hope and human freedom—the representatives of a gallant nation, containing a million of freemen ready to fly to arms—while the people of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, and the whole continent, by one simultaneous emotion, was rising, and solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking high Heaven to succour Greece and to invigorate her arms, in her glorious cause; while temples and senate houses were alike resounding with one burst of generous and holy sympathy;—in that year of our Lord and Sa-

viour—the Saviour of Greece and of us—a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with a kind expression of our good wishes and our sympathies :—*and it was rejected !*"

Go home, if you can—go home, if you dare—to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down ; meet, if you can, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments ;—that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you from your purpose ;—that the spectres of scimetars, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you ;—and, that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity.

I cannot bring myself to believe, that such will be the feeling of a majority of the Committee. But, for myself, though every friend of the cause should desert it, and I be left to stand alone with the mover of this resolution, I would give to it the sanction of my unqualified approbation.

LESSON XXIII.

The Statue of the Belvidere Apollo.—REV. H. H. MILMAN.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky ?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry ?
In settled majesty of calm disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heav'nly Archer stands*—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth ;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A god in strength, with more than godlike grace ;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,—
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But, animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

*The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow, with which he slew the serpent Python.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian! * with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
View'd the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a god:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bow'd before the work of man.
For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce, flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet, on that form, in wild, delirious trance,
With more than rev'rence gazed the Maid of France;
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude!
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair!
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrank, and thought the marble smiled:
Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seem'd to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied:
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled, and died.†

* Agasias of Ephesus.
† The foregoing fact is related in the work of M. Pinel on Insanity.

LESSON XXIV.

In Favour of the American Revolution.—JOSIAH QUINCY.

BE not deceived, my countrymen. Believe not these venal hirelings, when they would cajole you by their subtleties into submission, or frighten you by their vapourings into compliance. When they strive to flatter you by the terms "moderation and prudence," tell them that calmness and deliberation are to guide the judgment; courage and intrepidity command the action. When they endeavour to make us "perceive our inability to oppose our mother country," let us boldly answer:—In defence of our civil and religous rights, we dare oppose the world; with the God of armies on our side! even the God who fought our fathers' battles! we fear not the hour of trial, though the hosts of our enemies should cover the field like locusts. If this be enthusiasm, we will live and die enthusiasts.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For, under God, we are determined, that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen. Well do we know that all the regalia of this world cannot dignify the death of a villain, nor diminish the ignominy with which a slave shall quit existence. Neither can it taint the unblemished honour of a son of freedom, though he should make his departure on the already prepared gibbet, or be dragged to the newly-erected scaffold for execution. With the plaudits of his country, and what is more, the plaudits of his conscience, he will go off the stage. The history of his life his children shall venerate. The virtues of their sire shall excite their emulation.

Who has the front to ask, Wherefore do you complain? Who dares assert, that every thing worth living for is not lost, when a nation is enslaved? Are not pensioners, stipendiaries, and salary-men, unknown before, hourly multiplying upon us, to riot in the spoils of miserable America? Does not every eastern gale waft us some new insect, even of that devouring kind, which eat up every green thing? Is not the bread taken out of the children's

mouths and given unto the dogs? Are not our estates given to corrupt sycophants, without a design, or even a pretence, of soliciting our assent; and our lives put into the hands of those whose tender mercies are cruelties? Has not an authority in a distant land, in the most public manner, proclaimed the right of disposing of *the all* of Americans?

In short, what have we to lose? What have we to fear? Are not our distresses more than we can bear? And to finish all, are not our cities, in a time of profound peace, filled with standing armies, to preclude from us that last solace of the wretched—to open their mouths in complaint, and send forth their cries in bitterness of heart?

But is there no ray of hope? Is not Great Britain inhabited by the children of those renowned barons, who waded through seas of crimson gore to establish their liberty? and will they not allow us, their fellow men, to enjoy that freedom which we claim from nature, which is confirmed by our constitution, and which they pretend so highly to value? Were a tyrant to conquer us, the chains of slavery, when opposition should become useless, might be supportable; but to be shackled by Englishmen,—by our equals,—is not to be borne.

By the sweat of our brow we earn the little we possess; from nature we derive the common rights of man; and by charter we claim the liberties of Britons. Shall we, dare we, pusillanimously surrender our birthright? Is the obligation to our fathers discharged? Is the debt we owe posterity paid? Answer me, thou coward, who hidest thyself in the hour of trial! If there is no reward in this life, no prize of glory in the next, capable of animating thy dastard soul, think and tremble, thou miscreant! at the whips and stripes thy master shall lash thee with on earth,—and the flames and scorpions thy second master shall torment thee with hereafter!

Oh, my countrymen! what will our *children* say, when they read the history of these times, should they find that we tamely gave away, without one noble struggle, the most invaluable of earthly blessings! As they drag the galling chain, will they not execrate us? If we have any respect for things sacred, any regard to the dearest treasure on earth; if we have one tender sentiment for posteri-

ty; if we would not be despised by the whole world;—let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude, swear—We will die, if we cannot live freemen.

While we have *equity, justice,* and *God* on our side, tyranny, spiritual or temporal, shall never ride triumphant in a land inhabited by Englishmen.

LESSON XXV.

Dignity of Human Nature.—DEWEY.

YOUR neighbour is above you in the world's esteem, perhaps—above you, it may be, in fact: but what are *you?* You are a man; you are a rational and religious being; you are an immortal creature. Yes, a glad and glorious existence is yours; your eye is opened to the lovely and majestic vision of nature; the paths of knowledge are around you, and they stretch onward to eternity: and most of all, the glory of the infinite God, the all-perfect, all-wise, and all-beautiful, is unfolded to you. What now, compared with this, is a little worldly renown? The treasures of infinity and of eternity are heaped upon thy labouring thought; can that thought be deeply occupied with questions of mortal prudence? It is as if a man were enriched by some generous benefactor, almost beyond measure, and should find nothing else to do, but vex himself and complain, because another man was made a few thousands richer.

Where, unreasonable complainer! dost thou stand, and what is around thee? The world spreads before thee its sublime mysteries, where the thoughts of sages lose themselves in wonder; the ocean lifts up its eternal anthems to thine ear; the golden sun lights thy path; the wide heavens stretch themselves above thee, and worlds rise upon worlds, and systems beyond systems, to infinity; and dost thou stand in the centre of all this, to complain of thy lot and place? Pupil of that infinite teaching! minister at Nature's great altar! child of heaven's favour! ennobled being! redeemed creature! must thou pine in sullen and

envious melancholy, amidst the plenitude of the whole creation?

"But thy neighbor is above thee," thou sayest. What then? What is that to thee? What, though the shout of millions rose around him? What is that, to the million-voiced nature that God has given *thee?* That shout dies away into the vacant air; it is not his: but thy *nature*—thy favoured, sacred and glorious nature---is thine. It is the reality---to which praise is but a fleeting breath. Thou canst meditate the things, which applause but celebrates.

In that thou art a man, thou art infinitely exalted above what any man can be, in that he is praised. I would rather *be* the humblest man in the world, than barely *be thought* greater than the greatest. The beggar, is greater, as a man, than is the man, merely as a king. Not one of the crowds that listened to the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero---not one who has bent with admiration over the pages of Homer and Shakspeare---not one who followed in the train of Cæsar or of Napoleon, would part with the humblest power of thought, for all the fame that is echoing over the world and through the ages.

LESSON XXVI.

An Exhortation to the Study of Eloquence.---CICERO.

I CANNOT conceive any thing more excellent, than to be able, by language, to captivate the affections, to charm the understanding, and to impel or restrain the will of whole assemblies, at pleasure. Among every free people, especially in peaceful, settled governments, this single art has always eminently flourished, and always exercised the greatest sway. For what can be more surprising, than that, amidst an infinite multitude, one man should appear, who shall be the only, or almost the only man capable of doing what Nature has put in every man's power? Or, can any thing impart such exquisite pleasure to the ear, and to the intellect, as a speech, in which the wisdom and dignity of the sentiments, are heightened by the utmost force and beauty of expression!

Is there any thing so commanding, so grand, as that the eloquence of one man should direct the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges, and the majesty of senates? Nay, farther, can aught be esteemed so great, so generous, so public-spirited, as to assist the suppliant, to rear the prostrate, to communicate happiness, to avert danger, and to save a fellow-citizen from exile? Can any thing be so necessary, as to keep those arms always in readiness, with which you may defend yourself, attack the profligate, and redress your own, or your country's wrongs?

But, let us consider this accomplishment as detached from public business, and from its wonderful efficacy in popular assemblies, at the bar, and in the senate; can any thing be more agreeable, or more endearing in private life, than elegant language? For the great characteristic of our nature, and what eminently distinguishes us from brutes, is the faculty of social conversation, the power of expressing our thoughts and sentiments by words. To excel mankind, therefore, in the exercise of that very talent, which gives them the preference to the brute creation, is what every body must not only admire, but look upon as the just object of the most indefatigable pursuit.

And now, to mention the chief point of all, what other power could have been of sufficient efficacy to bring together the vagrant individuals of the human race; to tame their savage manners; to reconcile them to social life; and, after cities were founded, to mark out laws, forms, and constitutions, for their government?—Let me, in a few words, sum up this almost boundless subject. I lay it down as a maxim, that upon the wisdom and abilities of an accomplished orator, not only his own dignity, but the welfare of vast numbers of individuals, and even of the whole state, must greatly depend. Therefore, young gentlemen, go on: ply the study in which you are engaged, for your own honour, the advantage of your friends, and the service of your country.

LESSON XXVII.

The Muse's Hopes for America.—Bishop Berkeley.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true.

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empires, and of arts
The good and great, inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts:—

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,—
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

LESSON XXVIII.

Cleopatra Embarking on the Cydnus.—T. K. Hervey.

Flutes in the sunny air,
And harps in the porphyry halls,
And a low, deep hum, like a people's prayer,
With its heart-breathed swells and falls!

And an echo like the city's call,
Flung back to the sounding shores!
And the river's ripple, heard through all,
As it plays with the silver oars!
The sky is a gleam of gold!
And the amber breezes float
Like thoughts to be dream'd of, but never told,
Around the dancing boat!

She has stepped on the burning sand!
And the thousand tongues are mute!
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,
The strings of his golden lute!
And the Ethiop's heart throbs loud and high,
Beneath his white symar,
And the Lybian kneels as he meets her eye,
Like the flash of an eastern star!
The gales may not be heard,
Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots, like a bright-plumed bird,
Away—down the golden river.

Away by the lofty mount!
And away by the lonely shore!
And away by the gushing of many a fount
Where fountains gush no more!
Oh! for some warning vision there,
Some voice that should have spoken
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,
And glad, young spirits broken!
Of waters dried away,
And of hope and beauty blasted!
That scenes so fair and hearts so gay,
Should be so early wasted!

LESSON XXIX.

The Lumberer's Story—A Forest on Fire.—J. J. AUDUBON.

"WE were sound asleep one night, in a cabin about a hundred miles from this, when about two hours before

day, the snorting of horses and lowing of the cattle which I had ranging in the woods, suddenly awakened us. I took yon rifle and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them with their tails raised straight over their backs. On going to the back of the house I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming toward us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle two of the best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

"We then mounted, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off, as I said, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but, before an hour had elapsed, they all ran as if mad through the woods, and that, sir, was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in bodies sprang before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

"We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbours, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and, urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

"By this time we could feel the heat; and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the

glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that, when she turned toward either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shore, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burned or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

"On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a sight may we never see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened; for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds and smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

"The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing."

Here the lumberer paused and took breath. The recital of his adventure seemed to have exhausted him. His wife proposed that we should have a bowl of milk, and the daughter having handed it to us, we each took a draught.

"Now," said he, "I will proceed. Toward morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us.

When morning came, all was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cool enough, and shivered as if in an ague fit; so we removed from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him, and unmanly, to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was soon remedied. Several deer were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and, after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

"By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting awhile, and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and, after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the hard woods, which had been free from the fire. Soon after, we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for a while. Since then, sir, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberer; but, thanks to God, we are safe, sound, and happy!"

LESSON XXX.

The Heavenly Bodies.—CHALMERS.

¶ IT is truly a most Christian exercise to extract a sentiment of piety from the works and the appearances of nature. It has the authority of the Sacred Writers upon its side, and even our Saviour himself gives it the weight and the solemnity of his example. "Behold the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin; yet your heavenly father careth for them." He expatiates on the beauty of a single flower, and draws from it the delightful argument of confidence in God. He gives us to see that taste

may be combined with piety, and that the same heart may be occupied with all that is serious in the contemplation of religion, and be at the same time alive to the charms and the loveliness of nature.

The Psalmist takes a still loftier flight. He leaves the world, and lifts his imagination to that mighty expanse which spreads above it and around it. He wings his way through space, and wanders in thought over its immeasurable regions. Instead of a dark and unpeopled solitude, he sees it crowned with splendour, and filled with the energy of the Divine presence. Creation rises in its immensity before him, and the world, with all which it inherits, shrinks into littleness at a contemplation so vast and so overpowering. He wonders that he is not overlooked amid the grandeur and the variety which are on every side of him; and passing upward from the majesty of nature to the majesty of nature's Architect, he exclaims, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that thou shouldst deign to visit him?"

It is not for us to say, whether inspiration revealed to the Psalmist the wonders of the modern astronomy. But even though the mind be a perfect stranger to the science of these enlightened times, the heavens present a great and elevating spectacle, an immense concave reposing upon the circular boundary of the world, and the innumerable lights which are suspended from on high, moving with solemn regularity along its surface. It seems to have been at night that the piety of the Psalmist was awakened by this contemplation, when the moon and the stars were visible, and not when the sun had risen in his strength, and thrown a splendour around him, which bore down and eclipsed all the lesser glories of the firmament.

And there is much in the scenery of a nocturnal sky, to lift the soul to pious contemplation. That moon, and these stars, what are they? They are detached from the world, and they lift you above it. You feel withdrawn from the earth, and rise in lofty abstraction above this little theatre of human passions and human anxieties. The mind abandons itself to reverie, and is transferred, in the ecstacy of its thoughts, to distant and unexplored regions. It sees nature in the simplicity of her great elements, and it sees the God of nature invested with the high attributes of wisdom and majesty.

But what can these lights be? The curiosity of the human mind is insatiable, and the mechanism of these wonderful heavens, has, in all ages, been its subject and its employment. It has been reserved for these latter times, to resolve this great and interesting question. The sublimest powers of philosophy have been called to the exercise, and astronomy may now be looked upon as the most certain and best established of the sciences.

We all know that every visible object appears less in magnitude as it recedes from the eye. The lofty vessel, as it retires from the coast, shrinks into littleness, and at last appears in the form of a small speck on the verge of the horizon. The eagle, with its expanded wings, is a noble object; but when it takes its flight into the upper regions of the air, it becomes less to the eye, and is seen like a dark spot upon the vault of heaven. The same is true of all magnitude. The heavenly bodies appear small to the eye of an inhabitant of this earth, only from the immensity of their distance. When we talk of hundreds of millions of miles, it is not to be listened to as incredible. For remember, that we are talking of those bodies which are scattered over the immensity of space, and that space knows no termination.

The conception is great and difficult, but the truth is unquestionable. By a process of measurement which it is unnecessary at present to explain, we have ascertained, first the distance, and then the magnitude, of some of those bodies which roll in the firmament: that the sun which presents itself to the eye under so diminutive a form, is really a globe, exceeding, by many thousands of times, the dimensions of the earth which we inhabit; that the moon itself has the magnitude of a world; and that even a few of those stars, which appear like so many lucid points to the unassisted eye of the observer, expand into large circles upon the application of the telescope, and are some of them much larger than the ball which we tread upon, and to which we proudly apply the denomination of the universe.

Now, what is the fair and obvious presumption? The world in which we live, is a round ball of a determined magnitude, and occupies its own place in the firmament. But when we explore the unlimited tracts of that space, which is every where around us, we meet with other balls

of equal or superior magnitude, and from which our earth would be either invisible, or appear as small as any of those twinkling stars which are seen on the canopy of heaven.

LESSON XXXI.

The Same Subject continued.—CHALMERS.

WHY then suppose that this little spot, little at least in the immensity which surrounds it, should be the exclusive abode of life and of intelligence? What reason to think that those mightier globes which roll in other parts of creation, and which we have discovered to be worlds in magnitude, are not also worlds in use and in dignity? Why should we think that the great Architect of Nature, supreme in wisdom as he is in power, would call these stately mansions into existence, and leave them unoccupied? When we cast our eye over the broad sea, and look at the country on the other side, we see nothing but the blue land stretching obscurely over the distant horizon. We are too far away to perceive the richness of its scenery, or to hear the sound of its population.

Why not extend this principle to the still more distant parts of the universe? What though, from this remote point of observation, we can see nothing but the naked roundness of yon planetary orbs? are we therefore to say, that they are so many vast and unpeopled solitudes; that desolation reigns in every part of the universe but ours; that the whole energy of the divine attributes is expended on one insignificant corner of these mighty works; and that to this earth alone belong the bloom of vegetation, or the blessedness of life, or the dignity of rational and immortal existence?

But this is not all. We have something more than the mere magnitude of the planets, to allege in favour of the idea that they are inhabited. We know that this earth turns round upon itself; and we observe that all those celestial bodies which are accessible to such an observation, have the same movement. We know that the earth performs a yearly revolution round the sun; and we can de-

tect, in all the planets which compose our system, a revolution of the same kind, and under the same circumstances. They have the same succession of day and night. They have the same agreeable vicissitude of the seasons. To them light and darkness succeed each other; and the gaiety of summer is followed by the dreariness of winter. To each of them the heavens present as varied and magnificent a spectacle; and this earth, the encompassing of which would require the labour of years from one of its puny inhabitants, is but one of the lesser lights which sparkle in their firmament.

To them, as well as to us, has God divided the light from the darkness, and he has called the light day, and the darkness he has called night. He has said, let there be lights in the firmament of their heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years; and let them be for lights in the firmament of heaven, to give light upon their earth; and it was so. And God has also made to them great lights. To all of them he has given the sun to rule the day; and to many of them has he given moons to rule the night. To them he has made the stars also. And God has set them in the firmament of heaven, to give light upon their earth; and to rule over the day, and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness; and God has seen that it was good.

In all these greater arrangements of divine wisdom, we can see that God has done the same things for the accommodation of the planets that he has done for the earth which we inhabit. And shall we say, that the resemblance stops here, because we are not in a situation to observe it? Shall we say, that this scene of magnificence has been called into being merely for the amusement of a few astronomers? Shall we measure the counsels of heaven by the narrow impotence of the human faculties? or conceive, that silence and solitude reign throughout the mighty empire of nature, that the greater part of creation is an empty parade, and that not a worshipper of the Divinity is to be found through the wide extent of yon vast and immeasurable regions?

LESSON XXXII.

The true Source of Reform.—CHAPIN.

THE great element of Reform is not born of human wisdom; it does not draw its life from human organizations I find it only in CHRISTIANITY. "Thy kingdom come!" There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this Prayer. It is the aspiration of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of Reform. For what is the significance of this Prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate and subdue and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good, from the very necessity of his being. So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth. And the human soul, living in harmony with the Divine Will, this earth would become like Heaven.

It is too late for the Reformers to sneer at Christianity—it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress—our confidence in Reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable in man. That men have misunderstood it and perverted it, is true. But it is also true that the noblest efforts for human melioration have come out of it—have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the Just, who took your conduct from the line of Christian Philosophy—come from your tombs, and answer!

Come Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and show us what Philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus. Come Eliot, from the thick forest where the red-man listens to the Word of Life—come Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory; and show us what Christian Zeal and Christian Love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians or the fiercest hearts. Come Raikes, from thy labours with the ignorant and the poor, and show us with what an eye this Faith regards the lowest and least of our race, and how diligently it labours, not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality.

And ye, who are a great number—ye nameless ones—who have done good in your narrower spheres, content to forego renown on earth, and seeking your Reward in the Record on High, come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage, the Religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak.

Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of REFORM! The Past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes.—The Present is hopeful because of thee. The Future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence.

LESSON XXXIII.

A Psalm of Life,—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real—life is earnest,
But the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art—to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to *act* that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In this world's broad field of battle—
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time!—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LESSON XXXIV.

Employment of Winter Evenings by the Young.—PRENTICE.

DURING the winter season, most of the young of our land, particularly those of the country, have the evening at their own disposal, to devote to amusement, recreation, or whatever pursuit they choose. We speak now of those who are employed in some active or necessary pursuit during the day, and to whom evening brings their only leisure; for the youth who has not some such employment, or who does not seek it, is not the one to be benefited by any thing that may be said on the improvement of his leisure hours. We therefore address our remarks to the industrious youth of our country, who are trained to useful and laudable purposes. Such young men will hail the long evenings of this season with delight, and bless the glad hours which they may devote uninterruptedly to the cultivation of their minds.

Few young men are at all aware of the amount of valuable knowledge of which they might become the masters

and possessors, by a careful and judicious improvement of the leisure afforded by the evenings of a single winter; and, when we add to this, the acquisition of ten or fifteen winters, the aggregate amount of what a youth of common capacity might attain would make him a learned man in any section of the Union. Many who rendered themselves eminent and useful in their day — the Franklins, the Shermans, the Rittenhouses, and the Bowditches of our own country—the Watts, the Fergusons, and the Simpsons of England—names conspicuous in the list of benefactors of their species—made themselves what they were by a diligent use of less leisure time than falls to the lot of four-fifths of the young men of the United States.

The greatest men of every age have in general been self-taught and self-made. They have risen from obscurity, and struggled with adverse circumstances. A diligent use of their time, a habit of studying and labouring while others slept or played,—a steady perseverance, and an indomitable energy, gave them their attainments and their eminence. Cicero, by far the most learned man of all antiquity, as well as the greatest orator of Rome, lets us at once into the secret of all his vast and varied learning, when he tells us that the time which others gave to feasts, and dice, and sports, he devoted to patient study.

It matters not what may be a young man's intended pursuit in life; he cannot choose any, for which reading and study during his leisure hours, will not the better qualify him. If he is to be a farmer, let him read books and treatises on agriculture; if he is to be a mechanic, let him study the mathematics and the works on mechanism and architecture; if he is to be a merchant, let him become familiar with the principles of political economy, the statistics of trade, and the history of commerce; and, finally, if he is to be an American citizen, one of the millions to whom is to be intrusted the rich heritage of civil and religious liberty bequeathed to us by our fathers, let him study well the history, the constitution, and the institutions of the United States, and let him contemplate frequently the lives and character of those who wrought out and framed our liberties.

Nor is the knowledge to be thus acquired the only inducement for a young man to devote the hours of his lei-

sure to reading and study. The pleasure to be found in such pursuits is as much superior to that transient and giddy excitement attendant merely on the gayer amusements, as it is purer, more elegant, and more refined. The young man, too, who accustoms his mind to find pleasure and gratification in reading and study, can never want for society; for he creates around him a society of which he can never be deprived—a society which will never weary of his presence, which has nothing cold, or artificial, or false—a society composed of the very elect of the earth—the master minds of all ages and all countries. With them he can retire into his library, to spend a leisure hour, whenever opportunity occurs, certain of finding them ever ready to delight and instruct.

LESSON XXXV.

Books.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse, day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And, when I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead;—with them,
I live in long past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And, from their lessons, seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be;
And with them I shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
Which will not perish in the dust.

LESSON XXXVI.

Helvellyn.—WALTER SCOTT.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful dog, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And, starting around me, the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchédicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wand'rer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long did'st thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft did'st thou start?
How many long days and long weeks did'st thou number,
Ere faded before thee the friend of thy heart?

And oh! was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,—
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,—
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,—
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beaming;
Far down the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When wilder'd he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchédicam.

LESSON XXXVII.

Character of Pitt.—GRATTAN.

THE Secretary stood alone; modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous.

France sank beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded with the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect not England, and the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which render life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulty, no domestic weakness reached him, but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, and so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age; and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country and the calamities of the enemy refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate; peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not, like Murray, conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation, nor was he, like Townshend, forever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was something in this man that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority—something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world which should resound throughout the universe.

LESSON XXXVIII.

Apostrophe to the Queen of France.—BURKE.

IT is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star; full of life, and splendour, and joy.

Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall!

Little did I dream that when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters heaped upon her in a nation of gallant men; in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise—is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound; which inspired courage, whilst it mitigated ferocity; which ennobled whatever it touched; and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

LESSON XXXIX.

Story of the Siege of Calais.—BROOKE.

EDWARD III. after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue.

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard-of calamities, the French resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance.

To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:—"My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives, and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is, my friends; there is one

expedient left!—a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient left! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind."

He spoke;—but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed: "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom, than I can be; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?"

"Your son!" exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.—"Ah! my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed.—But no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality! Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes."

"Your kinsman," cried John de Aire.—"Your kinsman," cried James Wissant.—"Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant.—"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not I a citizen of Calais?"

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take a last adieu of their deliverers.

What a parting! what a scene! they crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced; they clung around; they fell prostrate before them: they groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp.

LESSON XL.

The same Story Continued.—BROOKE.

THE English, by this time, were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals, to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length, St. Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire, this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed to them on all sides; they murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?"—"They are," says Mauny: "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my Lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."—"Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward: "was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?"—"Not in the least, my Lord: the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted; and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission by punishment and example.

—Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

At this instant, a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience:—"My Lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer, would be to them a stage of honour; but a stage of shame to Edward—a reproach to his conquests—an indelible disgrace to his name. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

"I am convinced: you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward: "prevent the execution: have them instantly before us." They came: when the Queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:—

"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble burghers! you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing, on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested.

"We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us, that excellence is not of blood, title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen—to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly defended—provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."

"Ah, my country!" exclaimed Pierre; "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities; but Philippa conquers our hearts."

LESSON XLI.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard.—GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:—

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed!

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return;
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,—
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave!

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;—
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre!

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood—
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest—
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;—

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spell'd by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being, e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If, 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now, smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love

"One morn, I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next—with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne—
Approach, and read—for thou can'st read—the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear;
He gain'd from heaven—'twas all he wish'd—a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
(There they alike in trembling hope repose!)—
The bosom of his Father and his God!

LESSON XLII.

America and Ireland.—C. PHILLIPS.

THE mention of America has never failed to fill me with the most lively emotion. In my earliest youth, that tender season when impressions, at once the most permanent and the most powerful, are likely to be excited, the story of her then recent struggle raised a throb in every heart that loved liberty, and wrung a reluctant tribute even from discomfited oppression. I saw her spurning alike the luxuries that would enervate, and the legions that would intimidate; dashing from her lips the poisoned cup of European servitude; and, through all the vicissitudes of her protracted conflict, displaying a magnanimity that defied misfortune, a moderation that gave new grace to victory. It was the first vision of my childhood; it will descend with me to the grave.

But if, as a man, I venerate the mention of America, what must be my feelings towards her as an Irishman! Never, O never, while memory remains, can Ireland forget the home of her emigrant, and the asylum of her exile. No matter whether their sorrows sprang from the errors of enthusiasm, or the realities of suffering; from fancy, or infliction; that must be reserved for the scrutiny of those, whom the lapse of time shall acquit of partiality. It is for the men of other ages to investigate and record it. But surely, it is for the men of every age to hail the hospitality that received the shelterless, and love the feeling that befriended the unfortunate.

Search creation round, where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious frenzy, may there find a refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated; with no restraint but those laws, which are the same to all, and no distinction but that, which his merit may originate. Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation! Who can deny, that

its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture! At the end of the next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose a mysterious Providence may not have designed her! Who shall say that when, in its follies or its crimes, the old world may have interred all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the new!

For myself, I have no doubt of it. I have not the least doubt, that when our temples and our trophies shall have mouldered into dust—when the glories of our name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of our achievements only live in song, philosophy will rise again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington. Is this the vision of a romantic fancy? Is it even improbable? Is it half so improbable as the events, which for the last twenty years have rolled like successive tides over the surface of the European world, each erasing the impression that preceded it?

Thousands upon thousands, Sir, I know there are, who will consider this supposition as wild and whimsical; but they have dwelt with little reflection upon the records of the past. They have but ill observed the never-ceasing progress of national rise and national ruin. They form their judgment on the deceitful stability of the present hour, never considering the innumerable monarchies and republics, in former days apparently as permanent, their very existence become now the subjects of speculation—I had almost said, of scepticism.

I appeal to History! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of an universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas, Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once, yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate. So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan, yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the ser-

vile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman. In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality—and all their vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island, that was then a speck, rude and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards!

Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was? Who shall say, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant!

LESSON LXIII.

Tribute to Washington.—C. PHILLIPS.

ALLOW me to add one flower to the chaplet, which, though it sprang in America, is no exotic. Virtue planted it, and it is naturalized every where. I see you anticipate me—I see you concur with me, that it matters very little what spot may be the birth-place of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if Nature was endeavouring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual

instances, no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications of some singular qualification: Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command.

Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens, or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created!

> "How shall we rank thee upon Glory's page,
> Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage;
> All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
> Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!"

Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

LESSON XLIV.

Defence of the Puritans.—T. B. MACAULAY.

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and external interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world.

If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose

slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth have passed away. Events, which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, flourished. and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer, from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men: the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible delusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial world; like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him.

But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh, who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose, which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity

and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world.

Enthusiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegale's iron man, Talus, with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach. And we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity—that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstans and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

LESSON XLV.

Glenara.—CAMPBELL.

OH! heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire and her people are called to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They march'd all in silence—they look'd to the ground.

In silence they march'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar,
"Now here let us place the gray-stone of her cairn—
Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles? why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain: no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

"I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
"And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no body was seen.
Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—
'Twas the youth that had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn—

"I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her grief,
I dream'd that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne:
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

LESSON XLVI.

The Seen and the Unseen.—EPHRAIM PEABODY.

THERE is a spiritual element interfused through the whole material world, and which lies at the source of all action. It is this which lifts the world out of chaos, and clothes it with light and order. The most ordinary act springs out of the soul, and derives its character from the soul. It seems trifling, only because its spiritual origin is forgotten. While on the surface of life all may be calm, it is startling to think what mysteries of passion and affec-

tion may be beneath. Though heedless of it, we move in a universe of spiritual life. It is with us as with men that lie dreaming in their beds at sea, between whom and the ocean is but a single plank: cabined, cribbed, confined in our narrow, individual existence, there is all the time rushing by us, its moanings in our ears, its tremblings reaching to our hearts, the mystic tide of spiritual life.

"The spirit giveth life." We need not go far, if we will but open our eyes, to see how the most ordinary acts of man are penetrated by a spiritual element. And where this is, nothing can be tame or common-place. Nothing, at first sight, is more worldly and unspiritual than a commercial newspaper. It deals solely with the affairs of the day, and with material interests. Yet when we come to consider them, its driest details are instinct with human hopes, and fears, and affections; and these illuminate what was dark, and make the dead letter breathe with life.

For example:—in the paper of to-day, a middle-aged man seeks employment in a certain kind of business. The advertisement has, in substance, been the same for weeks. For a time, he sought some place, which presupposed the possession of business habits and attainments. Then there was a change in the close of the advertisement, indicating that he would do any thing by which he could render himself useful to an employer. And, this morning, there is another change: he is willing to commence with low wages, as employment is what he especially wants.

All this is uninteresting enough; yet what depths of life may lie underneath this icy surface of business detail! It is easy for the fancy to seek out and make the acquaintance of this man. He is a foreigner, in poverty, with a family, brought to this country by the hopes which have brought so many hither, only that they might be overwhelmed with disappointment. He is a stranger, and finds all places of business full. Already his family is parting with every superfluous article of dress and furniture; their food grows daily more scanty and meagre; broken down in heart and hopes, he seeks, through all the avenues of business, some employment, and cannot find it. The decent pride, and the desire to enter that business for which his previous habits had fitted him, have kept him up for a time; but these are fast departing under the

pressure of penury; and this morning's advertisement means, that the day seems near at hand when his children may cry for bread, and he have none to give. Not always, by any means, but how often might such advertisements tell tales like this!

Could we but look, through this long line of advertisements, into the hearts of those who have published them, what a revelation would there be of human life! Here are partnerships formed and closed; young men entering into business, old men going out of it; new inventions and speculations; failures, sales of household furniture, and dwellings. These have been attended by the most sanguine hopes, by utter hopelessness, by every form of fear, anxiety, and sorrow. This young man, just entering business, looks forward, with anticipations bright as the morning, to his marriage day. This sale of furniture speaks of death, diminished fortunes, a scattered family. There is not a sale of stocks, which does not straiten or increase the narrow means of widows and orphans.

This long column of ship news—a thousand hearts are at this moment beating with joy and thankfulness, or are oppressed by anxiety, or crushed down by sorrow, because of these records, which to others seem so meaningless!—One reads here of his prosperity; another of ruined fortunes. And the wrecked ship, whose crew was swept by the surge into the breakers, and dashed on the rocks—how many in their solitary homes are mourning for those who sailed with bright hopes in that ship, but who shall never return!

And, more than this—could these lines which record the transactions of daily business, tell of the hearts which indited them, what temptations and struggles would they reveal! They would tell of inexperience deceived or protected; of integrity fallen, or made stedfast as the rock; of moral trials, in which noble natures have been broken down or built up. Had we the key and the interpretation of what we here read, this daily chronicle of traffic would be a sadder tragedy than any which Shakspeare wrote.

LESSON XLVII.

The Seventh Plague of Egypt. The Tempest.—ANON.

'TWAS morn—the rising splendour roll'd
On marble towers and roofs of gold;
Hall, court, and gallery below,
Were crowded with a living flow;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,
The bearers of the bow and spear;
The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
The slave, the gemm'd and glittering page—
Helm, turban, and tiara, shone
A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide
Shrank backward from his stately stride:
His cheek with storm and time was tann'd;
A shepherd's staff was in his hand;
A shudder of instinctive fear
Told the dark king what step was near;
On through the host the stranger came,
It parted round his form like flame.

He stoop'd not at the footstool stone,
He clasp'd not sandal, kissed not throne;
Erect he stood amid the ring,
His only words—"Be just, O king!"
On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flush'd high,
A fire was in his sullen eye;
Yet on the Chief of Israel
No arrow of his thousands fell:
All mute and moveless as the grave
Stood chill'd the satrap and the slave.

"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch spoke;
Haughty and high the words outbroke:
"Is Israel weary of its lair,
The forehead peel'd, the shoulder bare?
Take back the answer to your band;
Go, reap the wind; go, plough the sand;

Go, vilest of the living vile,
To build the never ending pile,
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
The vulture on their flesh is fed.
What better asks the howling slave
Than the base life our bounty gave?"

Shouted in pride the turban'd peers,
Upclashed to heaven the golden spears.
"King! thou and thine are doom'd!—Behold!"
The prophet spoke—the thunder roll'd!
Along the pathway of the sun
Sail'd vapoury mountains, wild and dun.
"Yet there is time," the prophet said—
He raised his staff—the storm was stay'd:
"King! be the word of freedom given:
What art thou, man, to war with Heaven?"

There came no word.—The thunder broke!
Like a huge city's final smoke,
Thick, lurid, stifling, mix'd with flame,
Through court and hall the vapours came.
Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield;
Scattered like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave:
Or, in the chains of terror bound,
Lay, corpse-like, on the smouldering ground.
"Speak, king!—the wrath is but begun—
Still dumb?—then, Heaven, thy will be done!"

Echoed from earth a hollow roar,
Like ocean on the midnight shore;
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheel'd,
The solid ground beneath them reel'd;
In dust sank roof and battlement;
Like webs the giant walls were rent;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze,
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
Still swelled the plague—the flame grew pale;
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down pour'd the ministers of fate;

Till man and cattle, crush'd, congeal'd,
Cover'd with death the boundless field.

Still swell'd the plague—uprose the blast,
The avenger, fit to be the last;
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thunder'd at once the mighty gale.
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roar'd the sea;
A thousand ships were on the wave—
Where are they?—ask that foaming grave!
Down go the hope, the pride of years,
Down go the myriad mariners;
The riches of Earth's richest zone,
Gone! like a flash of lightning, gone!

And, lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,
Swells Ocean on the shrinking shore;
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulfs the land the furious tide.
Then bow'd thy spirit, stubborn king,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting;
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groan'd, "Be injured Israel free."

To heaven the sage upraised his wand;
Back rolled the deluge from the land;
Back to its caverns sank the gale;
Fled from the noon the vapours pale;
Broad burn'd again the joyous sun:
The hour of wrath and death was done.

LESSON XLVIII.

Danger of Prematurely Tasking the Mental Powers of the Young.—A. BRIGHAM.

MUCH of the thoughtlessness of parents, regarding the injury they may do their children by too early cultivating their minds, has arisen from the *mystery* in which the *science of mind* has been involved, and ignorance of the

connection between the mind and body; for we find them exceedingly anxious and careful about the health of their children in other respects. Entirely forgetful of the brain, they know there is danger in exercising many other parts of the body too much, when they are but partially developed. They know that caution is necessary with children in respect to their food, lest their delicate digestive organs should be injured by a too exciting and stimulating regimen.

A parent would be greatly alarmed if his little child, by continued encouragement and training, had learned to eat as much food as a healthy adult. Such a prodigy of gluttony might undoubtedly be formed. The method of effecting it, would be somewhat like that of enabling a child to remember, and reason, and study, with the ability and constancy of an adult. Each method is dangerous, but probably the latter is the more so, because the brain is a more delicate organ than the stomach.

The activity of most of the organs of the body can be very greatly increased; they can be made to perform their functions for a while with unusual facility and power. I will dwell upon this fact a little. A child, for instance, may be gradually accustomed to eat and digest large quantities of stimulating animal food. I have seen an instance of this kind, and when I remonstrated with the parents on the impropriety and danger of allowing a child but two years old, such diet constantly, I was told that he was uncommonly robust; and indeed he appeared to be in vigourous health; but soon after this he had a long inflammatory fever, of an unusual character for children, which I attributed at the time, to the stimulating diet allowed him. This diet appeared also to have an effect upon his disposition, and confirmed the observation of Hufeland, that "infants who are accustomed to eat much animal food become robust, but at the same time passionate, violent and brutal."

A child may also be made to execute surprising muscular movements, such as walking on a rope, and other feats; but these are learned only by long practice, which greatly developes the muscles by which the movements are executed. From frequent and powerful action, the muscles of the arms of blacksmiths and boxers and boatmen, those of the lower limbs of dancers, and those of the faces of buf-

foons, become strikingly enlarged when compared with the muscles in other parts of the body. Every employment in which men engage brings into relatively greater action particular parts of the system; some organs are constantly and actively exercised, while others are condemned to inactivity. To make, therefore, one organ superior to another in power, it is necessary not only to exercise it frequently, but to render other organs inactive, so as not to draw away from it that vital energy which it requires in order to be made perfect.

The important truth resulting from these facts, that *the more any part of the human system is exercised, the more it is enlarged, and its powers increased*, applies equally to all organs of the body; it applies to the brain as well as the muscles. The heads of great thinkers, as has been stated, are wonderfully large; and it has been ascertained by admeasurement, that they frequently continue to increase until the subjects are fifty years of age, and long after the other portions of the system have ceased to enlarge. "This phenomenon," says Itard, "is not very rare, even in the adult, especially among men given to study, or profound meditation, or who devote themselves, without relaxation, to the agitations of an unquiet and enterprising spirit. The head of *Bonaparte*, for instance, was small in youth, but acquired, in after life, a development nearly enormous."

I would have the parent, therefore, understand, that his child may be made to excel in almost anything; that by increasing the power of certain organs through exercise, he can be made a prodigy of early mental or muscular activity. But I would have him, at the same time, understand the conditions upon which this can be effected, and its consequences. I would have him fully aware, that in each case, unusual activity and power are produced by extraordinary development of an organ; and especially that in early life, no one organ of the body can be disproportionately exercised, without the risk of most injurious consequences. Either the over-excited and over-tasked organ itself will be injured for life, or the development of other and essential parts of the system will be arrested forever.

From what has been said hitherto, we gather the following facts, which should be made the basis of all instruc-

tion; facts which I wish often to repeat. *The brain is the material organ by which all the mental faculties are manifested; it is exceedingly delicate, and but partially developed in childhood; over-excitement of it when in this state, is extremely hazardous.*

LESSON XLIX.

Early History of Kentucky.—N. A. REVIEW.

THOSE now alive, who have reached the age of seventy years, were born before the first white man entered Kentucky. For the English have never displayed the same love of discovery as the Spaniards and French, either in North or South America. Wherever they have fixed themselves, they remain. A love of adventure, an eager curiosity, a desire of change, or some like motive, had carried the French all over the continent, while the English colonists continued quietly within their own limits. The French missionaries coasted along the lakes and descended the Mississippi, a whole century before the Virginians began to cross the Alleghany ridge, to get a glimpse of the noble inheritance, which had remained undisturbed for centuries, waiting their coming.

It was not till the year 1767, only eight years before the breaking out of the revolutionary war, that John Finley, of North Carolina, descended into Kentucky for the purpose of hunting and trading. The feelings of wonder and delight experienced by this early pioneer in passing through the rich lands, which were filled with deer, buffaloes, and every kind of game, and covered with the majestic growth of centuries, soon communicated themselves to others. Like the spies, who returned from Palestine, they declared, "The land, which we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land." They compared it to parks and gardens, or a succession of farms stocked with cattle, and full of birds tame as farm-yard poultry.

Instigated by these descriptions, in 1769, Daniel Boone, a man much distinguished for bravery and skill, entered Kentucky. And now commenced a series of enterprise

romantic adventure, chivalric daring, and patient endurance, not surpassed in the history of modern times. Nothing in those voluminous tales of knight errantry, which occupied the leisure of pages and squires in old baronial days, or in the Waverley novels and their train of romances of the second class, which amuse modern gentlemen and ladies,—nothing in these works of imagination can exceed the realities of early Kentucky history.

From 1769 till Wayne's victory on the Maumee in 1794, a period of twenty-five years, including the whole revolutionary war, the people of Kentucky were engaged in Indian warfare, for life and home. Surrounded by an enemy far outnumbering them; deadly in hatred, of ferocious cruelty, wielding the same rifle with themselves, and as skilful in its use, they took possession of the country, felled the forest, built towns, laid out roads, and changed the wilderness into a garden. No man could open his cabin-door in the morning, without danger of receiving a rifle-bullet from a lurking Indian; no woman could go out to milk the cows, without risk of having a scalping-knife at her forehead before she returned. Many a man returned from hunting, only to find a smoking ruin where he had left a happy home with wife and children.

But did this constant danger create a constant anxiety? Did they live in terror? Fightings were without; were fears within? By no means. If you talk with the survivors of those days they will tell you: "We soon came to think ourselves as good men as the Indians. We believed we were as strong as they, as good marksmen, as quick of sight, and as likely to see them, as they were to see us; so there was no use in being afraid of them." The danger produced a constant watchfulness, an active intelligence, a prompt decision; traits still strongly apparent in the Kentucky character.

By the same causes, other, more amiable and social qualities, were developed. While every man was forced to depend on himself and trust to his own courage, coolness and skill, every man felt that he depended on his neighbour for help in cases where his own powers could no longer avail him. And no man could decline making an effort for another, when he knew that he might need a like aid before the sun went down. Hence we have frequent examples of

one man risking his life to save that of another, and of desperate exertions made for the common safety of the dwellers in fort or stockade.

Can we, then, wonder at the strong family attachments still existing in Kentucky? The remembrance of hours of common danger and mutual sacrifice, and generous disregard of self, must have sunk deep into the hearts of those earnest men, the early settlers. "He saved my life at the risk of his own. He helped me bring back my wife from the Indians. He shot the man who was about to dash out my infant's brains." Here was a foundation for friendships, which nothing could root up. "Whispering tongues can poison truth;" but no tongues could do away such evidences of true friendship as these. No subsequent coldness, no after injury, could efface their remembrance. They must have been treasured up in the deepest cells of the heart with a sacred gratitude, a religious care. And hence, while Indian warfare developed all the stronger and self-relying faculties, it cultivated also all the sympathies, the confiding trust, the generous affections, which, to the present hour, are marked on the heart of that people's character.

LESSON L.

The Fall of Napoleon.—C. PHILLIPS.

I HAVE heard before of states ruined by the visitation of Providence, devastated by famine, wasted by fire, overcome by enemies; but never until now did I see a state like England, impoverished by her spoils, and conquered by her successes! She has fought the fight of Europe; she has purchased all its *coinable blood;* she has subsidized all its dependencies in their own cause; she has conquered by sea, she has conquered by land; and here she is, after all her vanity and all her victories, surrounded by desolation, like one of the pyramids of Egypt; amid the grandeur of the desert, full of magnificence and death, at once a trophy and a tomb!

The heart of any reflecting man must burn within him,

when he thinks that the war, thus sanguinary in its operations, confessedly ruinous in its expenditure, was even still more odious in its principle! It was a war avowedly undertaken for the purpose of forcing France out of her undoubted right of choosing her own monarch; a war, which uprooted the very foundations of the English constitution; which libelled the most glorious era in our national annals; which declared tyranny eternal, and announced to the people, amid the thunder of artillery, that, no matter how aggrieved, their only allowable attitude was that of supplication; which, when it told the French reformer of 1793, that his defeat was just, told the British reformer of 1688, his triumph was treason!

What else have you done? You have succeeded in dethroning Napoleon; and you have dethroned a monarch, who, with all his imputed crimes and vices, shed a splendour around royalty too powerful for the feeble vision of legitimacy even to bear. He had many faults: I do not seek to palliate them. He deserted his principles: I rejoice that he has suffered. But still let us be generous even in our enmities. How grand was his march! How magnificent his destiny! Say what we will, Sir, he will be the land-mark of our times in the eyes of posterity. The goal of other men's speed was his starting-post. Crowns were his playthings; thrones his footstool. He strode from victory to victory. His path was "a plane of continued elevations." Surpassing the boast of the too confident Roman, he but stamped upon the earth, and, not only armed men, but states and dynasties, and arts and sciences,—all that mind could imagine, or industry produce—started up, the creation of enchantment.

He has fallen. As the late Mr. Whitbread said—"*You* made him, and *he* unmade himself"—his own ambition was his glorious conqueror. He attempted, with a sublime audacity, to grasp the fires of Heaven, and his heathen retribution has been the vulture and the rock!

LESSON LI.

God is Every Where.—HUGH HUTTON.

Oh! show me where is He,
The high and holy One,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st, "Thy will be done?"
I hear thy voice of praise,
And lo! no form is near;
Thine eyes I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?
Oh! teach me who is God, and where his glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

Gaze on that arch above—
The glittering vault admire!
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their ceaseless fire?
Who guides the moon to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?
There view immensity!—behold, my God is there—
The sun, the moon, the stars, his majesty declare!

See, where the mountains rise;
Where thundering torrents foam;
Where, veil'd in lowering skies,
The eagle makes his home!
Where savage nature dwells
My God is present too—
Through all her wildest dells
His footsteps I pursue.
He rear'd those giant cliffs—supplies that dashing stream—
Provides the daily food, which stills the wild bird's scream

Look on that world of waves,
Where finny nations glide;
Within whose deep, dark caves,
The ocean-monsters hide!
His power is sovereign there,
To raise—to quell the storm;

The depths his bounty share,
Where sport the scaly swarm:
Tempests and calms obey the same almighty voice,
Which rules the earth and skies, and bids the world rejoice

Nor eye nor thought can soar
Where moves not he in might;—
He swells the thunder's roar,
He spreads the wings of night.
Oh! praise the works divine!
Bow down thy soul in prayer!
Nor ask for other sign,
That God is every where—
The viewless Spirit he—immortal, holy, bless'd—
Oh! worship him in faith, and find eternal rest!

LESSON LII.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.—BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe, as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted, like snow, in the glance of the Lord.

LESSON LIII.

Hymn before Sun-rise, in the Vale of Chamouny.—COLERIDGE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course?—so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful front, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron, at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air, and dark; substantial black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But, when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy chrystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought—
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,—
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! Not only passive praise
Thou owest; not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and silent ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou, first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh! struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,—
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, wake! O wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
"Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"

Ye ice-falls! ye, that, from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious, as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
"God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, "God!"
"God!" sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And, in their perilous fall, shall thunder "God!"

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That,—as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,—
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me,—rise, O ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth.
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
"Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

LESSON LIV.

Byron and his Poetry.—T. B. MACAULAY.

NEVER had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That Marah was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its perennial waters of bitterness. Never was there such variety in monotony as that of Byron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. Year after year, and month after month, he continued to repeat, that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched is the destiny of the eminent; that all the desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery; if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment;

if they are gratified, to the misery of satiety. His principal heroes are men who have arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair, who are sick of life, who are at war with society, who are supported in their anguish only by an unconquerable pride, resembling that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan in the burning marl; who can master their agonies by the force of their will, and who, to the last, defy the whole power of earth and heaven. He always described himself as a man of the same kind with his favourite creations, as a man whose heart had been withered, whose capacity for happiness was gone, and could not be restored; but whose invincible spirit dared the worst that could befall him here or hereafter.

How much of this morbid feeling sprang from an original disease of mind, how much from real misfortune, how much from the nervousness of dissipation, how much of it was fanciful, how much of it was merely affected, it is impossible for us, and would probably have been impossible for the most intimate friends of Lord Byron, to decide. Whether there ever existed, or can ever exist, a person answering to the description which he gave of himself, may be doubted: but that he was not such a person, is beyond all doubt. It is ridiculous to imagine that a man, whose mind was really imbued with scorn of his fellow-creatures, would have published three or four books every year to tell them so; or that a man, who could say with truth that he neither sought sympathy nor needed it, would have admitted all Europe to hear his farewell to his wife, and his blessings on his child. In the second canto of Childe Harold, he tells us that he is insensible to fame and obloquy:

> "Ill may such contest now the spirit move,
> Which heeds nor keen reproof nor partial praise."

Yet we know, on the best evidence, that a day or two before he published these lines, he was greatly, indeed childishly, elated, by the compliments paid to his maiden speech in the House of Lords.

We are far, however, from thinking that his sadness was altogether feigned. He was naturally a man of great sensibility; he had been ill-educated; his feelings had been early exposed to sharp trials; he had been crossed in his

boyish love; he had been mortified by the failure of his first literary efforts; he was straitened in pecuniary circumstances; he was unfortunate in his domestic relations; the public treated him with cruel injustice; his health and spirits suffered from his dissipated habits of life; he was, on the whole, an unhappy man. He early discovered that, by parading his unhappiness before the multitude, he excited an unrivalled interest. The world gave him every encouragement to talk about his mental sufferings. The effect which his first confessions produced, induced him to affect much that he did not feel; and the affectation probably reacted on his feelings. How far the character in which he exhibited himself was genuine, and how far theatrical, would probably have puzzled himself to say.

What our grandchildren may think of the character of Lord Byron, as exhibited in his poetry, we will not pretend to guess. It is certain, that the interest which he excited during his life, is without a parallel in literary history. The feeling with which young readers of poetry regarded him, can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. To people who are unacquainted with real calamity, "nothing is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy." This faint image of sorrow has in all ages been considered by young gentlemen as an agreeable excitement. Old gentlemen and middle-aged gentlemen have so many real causes of sadness, that they are rarely inclined "to be as sad as night, only for wantonness." Indeed, they want the power almost as much as the inclination. We know very few persons engaged in active life, who, even if they were to procure stools to be melancholy upon, and were to sit down with all the premeditation of Master Stephen, would be able to enjoy much of what somebody calls the "ecstasy of wo."

Among the large class of young persons whose reading is almost entirely confined to works of imagination, the popularity of Lord Byron was unbounded They bought pictures of him, they treasured up the smallest relics of him; they learned his poems by heart, and did their best to write like him, and to look like him. Many of them practised at the glass, in the hope of catching the curl of the upper lip, and the scowl of the brow, which appear in some of his portraits. A few discarded their neckcloths in imita

tion of their great leader. For some years, the Minerva press sent forth no novel without a mysterious, unhappy, Lara-like peer. The number of hopeful undergraduates and medical students who became things of dark imaginings, on whom the freshness of the heart ceased to fall like dew, whose passions had consumed themselves to dust, and to whom the relief of tears was denied, passes all calculation. This was not the worst. There was created in the minds of many of these enthusiasts, a pernicious and absurd association between intellectual power and moral depravity. From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness.

This affectation has passed away; and a few more years will destroy whatever yet remains of that magical potency which once belonged to the name of Byron. To us he is still a man, young, noble, and unhappy. To our children he will be merely a writer; and their impartial judgment will appoint his place among writers, without regard to his rank or to his private history. That his poetry will undergo a severe sifting; that much of what has been admired by his contemporaries will be rejected as worthless, we have little doubt. But we have as little doubt, that, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language.

LESSON LV.

Origin of the French Revolution.—CHANNING.

COMMUNITIES fall by the vices of the great, not the small. The French Revolution is perpetually sounded in our ears, as a warning against the lawlessness of the people. But whence came this revolution? Who were the regicides? Who beheaded Louis XVI.? You tell me the Jacobins; but history tells a different tale. I will show you the beheaders of Louis XVI. They were Louis XIV., and the Regent who followed him, and Louis XV. These brought their descendant to the guillotine.

The priesthood, who invoked the edict of Nantz, and drove from France the skill and industry, and virtue and pi-

ety, which were the sinews of her strength; the statesmen who intoxicated Louis XIV. with the scheme of universal empire; the profligate, prodigal, shameless Orleans; and the still more brutalized Louis the XV., with his court of panders and prostitutes; these made the nation bankrupt, broke asunder the bond of loyalty, and overwhelmed the throne and altar in ruins. We hear of the horrors of the Revolution; but in this as in other things, we recollect the effect without thinking of the guiltier cause.

The revolution was indeed a scene of horror; but when I look back on the reigns which preceded it, and which made Paris almost one great stew and gaming house, and when I see altar and throne desecrated by a licentiousness unsurpassed in any former age, I look on scenes as shocking to the calm and searching eye of reason and virtue, as the tenth of August and the massacres of September. Bloodshed is indeed a terrible spectacle; but there are other things almost as fearful as blood. There are crimes that do not make us start and turn pale like the guillotine, but are deadlier in their workings.

God forbid, that I should say a word to weaken the thrill of horror, with which we contemplate the outrages of the French Revolution. But when I hear that revolution quoted to frighten us from reform, to show us the danger of lifting up the depressed and ignorant mass, I must ask whence it came? and the answer is, that it came from the intolerable weight of misgovernment and tyranny, from the utter want of culture among the mass of the people, and from a corruption of the great, too deep to be purged away except by destruction.

I am almost compelled to remember, that the people, in this their singular madness, wrought far less woe than kings and priests have wrought, as a familiar thing, in all ages of the world. All the murders of the French Revolution did not amount, I think, by one-fifth, to those of the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew." The priesthood and the throne, in one short night and day, shed more blood, and that the best blood of France, than was spilled by Jacobinism and all other forms of violence during the whole revolution. Even the atheism and infidelity of France were due chiefly to a licentious priesthood and a licentious court. It was religion, so called, that dug her own grave.

In offering this plea for the multitude, I have no desire to transfer to the multitude uncontrolled political power. I look at power in all hands with jealousy. I wish neither rich nor poor to be my masters. What I wish is, the improvement, the elevation of all classes, and especially of the most numerous class, because the most numerous, because the many are mankind, and because no social progress can be hoped but from influences which penetrate and raise the mass of men. The mass must not be confined and kept down through a vague dread of revolutions. A social order requiring such a sacrifice, would be too dearly bought. No order should satisfy us, but that which is in harmony with universal improvement and freedom.

LESSON LVI.

The Might with the Right.—ANONYMOUS.

MAY every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
And truth and love all hearts shall move
To live in joy and peace.
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her power maintains;
But the day shall yet appear
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
We'll give not o'er, until once more
The righteous cause prevail.
In vain and long, enduring wrong,
The weak may strive against the strong;
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Though interest pleads that noble deeds
The world will not regard,—
To noble minds, whom duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard.
The brave and true may seem but few,
But hope keeps better things in view;
And the day shall yet appear
When the might with the right and the truth shall be
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

LESSON LVII.

Art.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus with seraph voice she spoke:
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed;
The thistle shrank, the harvest smiled,
And Nature gladden'd as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste!
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illume the page,
And, proudly scorning Time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky,
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renown'd, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

LESSON LVIII.

*Old Ironsides.**—O. W. HOLMES.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquer'd knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

* Written when it was proposed to break up the frigate Constitution, or to convert her into a receiving ship, as unfit for service.

Oh, better that her shatter'd hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave!
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

LESSON LIX.

Our Obligations as American Citizens.—D. WEBSTER.

LET us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit, which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. And let us endeavour to comprehend, in all its magnitude, and to feel, in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows, that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration.

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing condition, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is, to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the Representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favourable to the experiment, can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed, that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorise the belief, that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, perhaps not always for the better, in form, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that, in our country, any other is impossible. The *principle* of Free Governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it; immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts Those are daily dropping from among us, who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for Independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us.

Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develope the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects, which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid Monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze, with admiration, forever!

LESSON LX.

In Favour of Permitting the Return of the British Refugees.—PATRICK HENRY.

CAST your eyes, Sir, over this extensive country—observe the salubrity of your climate, the variety and fertility of your soil—and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold, navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth. Sir, you are destined, at some time or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period—lingering on through a long and sickly minority, subjected, meanwhile, to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies, foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them—or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single handed, with the proudest oppressor of the old world.

If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration—encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world, to come and settle in this land of promise—make it the home of the skilful, the industrious, the fortunate and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed—fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power—and I venture to prophesy there are those now living who will see this favoured land amongst the most powerful on earth—able, Sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, Sir—they will see her great in arts and in arms—her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent—her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

But, Sir, you must have *men*—you cannot get along without them—those heavy forests of valuable timber, un-

der which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away —those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men —your timber, Sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared—then, you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions, and find the best markets for them abroad—your great want, Sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise.

Do you ask how you are to get them?—Open your doors, Sir, and they will come in! The population of the old world is full to overflowing—that population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye—they see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages, which are not equalled by those of any other country upon earth—a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance—a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door!

Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this —they see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode—that Liberty, whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets—they see her here a real divinity—her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy states—her glories chaunted by three millions of tongues—and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the old world—tell them to come, and bid them welcome—and you will see them pouring in from the north—from the south—from the east, and from the west—your wildernesses will be cleared and settled—your deserts will smile—your ranks will be filled—and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain—and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded peo-

ple. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wofully, and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed —their king hath acknowledged our independence—the quarrel is over—peace hath returned, and found us a free people.

Let us have the magnanimity, Sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising, moneyed people—they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries, during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, in making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, Sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them!*—what, Sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of *his whelps?*

LESSON LXI.

To a Child.—ANONYMOUS.

THINGS of high import sound I in thine ears,
Dear child, though now thou may'st not feel their power,
Ye hoard them up, and in thy coming years
Forget them not; and when earth's tempests lower,
A talisman unto thee shall they be,
To give thy weak arm strength, to make thy dim eye see.

Seek TRUTH—that pure celestial Truth, whose birth
Was in the heaven of heavens, clear, sacred, shrined
In reason's light. Not oft she visits earth;
But her majestic port, the willing mind,
Through faith, may sometimes see. Give her thy soul,
Nor faint, though error's surges loudly 'gainst thee roll.

Be FREE—not chiefly from the iron chain,
But from the one which passion forges; be

The master of thyself! If lost, regain
The rule o'er chance, sense, circumstance. Be free!
Trample thy proud lusts proudly 'neath thy feet,
And stand erect, as for a heaven-born one is meet.

Seek VIRTUE. Wear her armour to the fight;
Then, as a wrestler gathers strength from strife,
Shalt thou be nerved to a more vigourous might
By each contending, turbulent ill of life.
Seek Virtue; she alone is all divine;
And, having found, be strong in God's own strength and thine.

TRUTH—FREEDOM—VIRTUE—these, dear child, have power,
If rightly cherished, to uphold, sustain,
And bless thy spirit, in its darkest hour;
Neglect them—thy celestial gifts are vain—
In dust shall thy weak wing be dragged and soiled;
Thy soul be crushed 'neath gauds for which it basely toiled.

LESSON LXII.

Eulogistic of Adams and Jefferson.—EDWARD EVERETT.

THEY have gone to the companions of their cares, of their toils. It is well with them. The treasures of America are now in Heaven. How long the list of our good, and wise, and brave, assembled there! how few remain with us! There is our Washington; and those who followed him in their country's confidence, are now met together with him, and all that illustrious company.

The faithful marble may preserve their image; the engraven brass may proclaim their worth; but the humblest sod of Independent America, with nothing but the dewdrops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder mausoleum than kings or conquerors can boast. The country is their monument. Its independence is their epitaph.

But not to their country is their praise limited. The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men. Wherever an agonizing people shall perish, in a generous convulsion, for want of a valiant arm and a fearless heart, they will cry, in the last accents of despair, Oh, for a Washing-

ton, an Adams, a Jefferson! Wherever a regenerated nation, starting up in its might, shall burst the links of steel that enchain it, the praise of our Fathers shall be the prelude of their triumphal song.

The contemporary and successive generations of men will disappear. In the long lapse of ages, the tribes of America, like those of Greece and Rome, may pass away. The fabric of American Freedom, like all things human, however firm and fair, may crumble into dust. But the cause in which these our Fathers shone is immortal. They did that, to which no age, no people of reasoning men, can be indifferent.

Their eulogy will be uttered in other languages, when those we speak, like us who speak them, shall all be forgotten. And when the great account of humanity shall be closed at the throne of God, in the bright list of his children, who best adorned and served it, shall be found the names of our Adams and our Jefferson.

LESSON LXIII.

In Commemoration of the Completion of the Bunker-Hill Monument.—D. WEBSTER.

THIS column stands on Union. I know not that it might not keep its position, if the American Union, in the mad conflict of human passions, and in the strife of parties and factions, should be broken up and destroyed. I know not that it would totter and fall to the earth, and mingle its fragments with the fragments of Liberty and the Constitution, when State should be separated from State, and faction and dismemberment obliterate forever all the hopes of the founders of our Republic, and the great inheritance of their children. It might stand. But who, from beneath the weight of mortification and shame, that would oppress him, could look up to behold it? For my part, should I live to such a time, I shall avert my eyes from it for ever.

It is not as a mere military encounter of hostile armies, that the battle of Bunker Hill founds its principal claim to attention. Yet, even as a mere battle, there were circum-

stances attending it, extraordinary in character, and entitling it to peculiar distinction. It was fought on this eminence; in the neighbourhood of yonder city; in the presence of more spectators than there were combatants in the conflict. Men, women and children, from every commanding position, were gazing at the battle, and looking for its result with all the eagerness natural to those who knew that the issue was fraught with the deepest consequences to them. Yet, on the sixteenth of June, 1775, there was nothing around this hill but verdure and culture. There was, indeed, the note of awful preparation in Boston. There was the provincial army at Cambridge with its right flank resting on Dorchester, and its left on Chelsea. But here all was peace. Tranquillity reigned around.

On the seventeenth, every thing was changed. On yonder height had arisen, in the night, a redoubt in which Prescott commanded. Perceived by the enemy at dawn, it was immediately cannonaded from the floating batteries in the river, and the opposite shore. And then ensued the hurry of preparation in Boston, and soon the troops of Britain embarked in the attempt to dislodge the colonists.

I suppose it would be difficult, in a military point of view, to ascribe to the leaders on either side, any just motive for the conflict which followed. On the one hand it could not have been very important to the Americans to attempt to hem the British within the town by advancing one single post a quarter of a mile; while on the other hand, if the British found it essential to dislodge the American troops, they had it in their power, at no expense of life. By moving up their ships and batteries, they could have completely cut off all communication with the main land over the neck, and the forces in the redoubt would have been reduced to a state of famine in forty-eight hours.

But that was not the day for such considerations on either side! Both parties were anxious to try the strength of their arms. The pride of England would not permit the rebels, as she termed them, to defy her to the teeth; and, without for a moment calculating the cost, the British general determined to destroy the fort immediately. On the other side, Prescott and his gallant followers longed and thirsted for a conflict. They wished it, and wished it

at once. And this is the true secret of the movements on this hill.

I will not attempt to describe the battle. The cannonading—the landing of the British—their advance—the coolness with which the charge was met—the repulse—the second attack—the second repulse—the burning of Charlestown—and, finally, the closing assault, and the slow retreat of the Americans—the history of all these is familiar.

But the consequences of the battle of Bunker Hill are greater than those of any conflict between the hostile armies of European powers. It was the first great battle of the Revolution; and not only the first blow, but the blow which determined the contest. It did not, indeed, put an end to the war, but in the then existing hostile feeling, the difficulties could only be referred to the arbitration of the sword. And one thing is certain; that after the New England troops had shown themselves able to face and repulse the regulars, it was decided that peace could never be established but upon the basis of the independence of the colonies. When the sun of that day went down, the event of independence was certain! When Washington heard of the battle, he inquired if the militia had stood the fire of the regulars? And when told that they had not only stood the fire, but reserved their own till the enemy was within eight rods, and then poured it in with tremendous effect—"Then," exclaimed he, "the liberties of the country are safe!"

LESSON LXIV

Ode to the Saviour.—MILMAN.

For thou wert born of woman! thou didst come,
Oh, Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strewed
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burned before thee on thy way.

But Thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air,
Nor stoop'd their lamps the enthroned fires on high:
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The eastern sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub-choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres,
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.
One angel-troop the strain began;
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear Thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes;
Nor didst Thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary,
With all thy own redeem'd, outbursting from their tombs,
For Thou didst bear away from earth,
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with Thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake,

At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay,
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun.
While Thou didst sleep within the tomb
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere yet the white-robed angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when Thou didst arise, Thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew!
But Thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
Then calmly, slowly, didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

LESSON LXV.

The Ocean.—BARRY CORNWALL.

O THOU, vast Ocean! ever sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of a dread immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone!
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved, and meet in strife.

The earth hath nought of this: no chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go.
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But to their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass, like visions, to their viewless home,
And come again and vanish; the young spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And winter always winds his sullen horn
When the wild autumn, with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken when the summer flies.

Thou only, terrible Ocean! hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad, green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards, by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven.

Thou trackless and immeasurable Main!
On thee no record ever lived again
To meet the hand that writ it: line nor lead
Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
Where, haply, the huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,
Can move the mighty Ocean into storm—
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element;
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
"Eternity, eternity, and power."

LESSON LXVI.

Fulton and His Invention.—MR. JUSTICE STORY.

I MYSELF have heard the illustrious inventor of the steamboat relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labours and discouragements. When, said he, I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public, either with indifference or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

> "Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
> All shun, none aid you, and few understand."

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditures, the dull but endless repetition of the "Fulton Folly." Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches.

At length the day arrived, when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board, to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favour to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes.

The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety, mixed with fear, among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, then stopped, and then became immoveable. To the silence of the preceding moment, now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you it would be so; it is a foolish scheme; I wish we were all well out of it." I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time.

This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of the machinery of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; or, if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

LESSON LXVII.

On being Installed Rector of the University of Glasgow.—LORD BROUGHAM.

IT is not the less true, because it has been oftentimes said, that the period of youth is by far the best fitted for the improvement of the mind, and the retirement of college

almost exclusively adapted to much study. At your enviable age, every thing has the lively interest of novelty and freshness; attention is perpetually sharpened by curiosity; and the memory is tenacious of the deep impressions it thus receives, to a degree unknown in after life; while the distracting cares of the world, or its beguiling pleasures, cross not the threshold of these calm retreats, its distant noise and bustle are faintly heard, making the shelter you enjoy more grateful; and the struggles of anxious mortals embarked upon that troublous sea, are viewed from an eminence, the security of which is rendered more sweet by the prospect of the scene below.

Yet a little while, and you too will be plunged into those waters of bitterness; and will cast an eye of regret, as now I do, upon the peaceful regions you have quitted for ever. Such is your lot as members of society; but it will be your own fault if you look back on this place with repentance or with shame; and be well assured, that, whatever time—ay, every hour—you squander here on unprofitable idling, will then rise up against you, and be paid for by years of bitter but unavailing regrets.

Study, then, I beseech you, so to store your minds with the exquisite learning of former ages, that you may always possess within yourselves sources of rational and refined enjoyment, which will enable you to set at naught the grosser pleasures of sense, whereof other men are slaves; and so imbue yourselves with the sound philosophy of later days, forming yourselves to the virtuous habits which are its legitimate offspring, that you may walk unhurt through the trials which await you, and may look down upon the ignorance and error that surround you, not with lofty and supercilious contempt, as the sages of old times, but with the vehement desire of enlightening those who wander in darkness, and who are by so much the more endeared to us by how much they want our assistance.

To me, calmly revolving these things, such pursuits seem far more noble objects of ambition than any upon which the vulgar herd of busy men lavish prodigal their restless exertions. To diffuse useful information—to further intellectual refinement, sure forerunner of moral improvement—to hasten the coming of that bright day when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy.

lingering mists, even from the base of the great social pyramid; this indeed is a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward, eager to bear a part.

LESSON LXVIII.

Lochiel's Warning.—CAMPBELL.

Wizard. LOCHIEL! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight:
They rally!—they bleed!—for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old, wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

Wizard. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn:
Return to thy dwelling, all lonely!—return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan:
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard. Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores!
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a lamb from his country, cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;

His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks shall be strewed in their gore
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

LESSON LXIX.

Scene from the Tragedy of Catiline.—Rev. G. Croly

The Senate in Session, Lictors Present, a Consul in the Chair, Cicero on the Floor, concluding his Speech.

Cic. Our long dispute must close. Take one proof more
Of this rebellion.—Lucius Catiline
Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come. I now demand your votes!—
Is he condemned to exile?

Catiline *comes in hastily, and flings himself on the bench; all the senators go over to the other side.*

Cic. (Turning to Catiline.) Here I repeat the charge,
to gods and men,
Of treasons manifold;—that, but this day,
He has received despatches from the rebels;
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province; nay, has levied troops,

And raised his rebel standard :—that but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites, and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murder'd slave.
To these he has *no* answer.

Cat. (Rising calmly.) Conscript fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk: 'tis not *my* trade;
But *here* I stand for right—let him show *proofs*—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your master; judges, Romans—*slaves!*
His charge is false;—I dare him to his *proofs*.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

Cic. (Interrupting him) Deeds shall convince you! Has the traitor done?

Cat. But this I will avow, that I *have* scorn'd,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong;
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honour on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what! *(Looking round him)*
To fling your offices to every slave;
Vipers that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?
Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
But lives in peril of his midnight sword.
Lists of proscription have been handed round,
In which your general properties are made
Your murderer's hire.

[*A cry is heard without, "More prisoners!" An officer enters with letters for* CICERO; *who, after glancing at them, sends them round the Senate.* CATALINE *is strongly perturbed.*]

Cic. Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
By proof, as clear as day-light, here it is!

Look on these letters! Here's a deep-laid plot
To wreck the provinces: a solemn league,
Made with all form and circumstance. The time
Is desperate,—all the slaves are up;—Rome shakes!—
The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
We stand ev'n here!—The name of Cataline
Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
Tried and convicted traitor! Go from Rome!

Cat. (Haughtily rising.) Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones: [*To the Senate.*
Fling down your sceptres:—take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law.

Cic. (Interrupting him.) Give up the record of his banishment. [*To an officer.*

[*The* OFFICER *gives it to the* CONSUL *in the chair.*

Cat. (Indignantly.) Banish'd from Rome! What's banish'd, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banish'd—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, wither'd hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you; here, I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's merciful.—For this, all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Cataline.

(The CONSUL *reads:)* "Lucius Sergius Cataline: by the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy and alien to the state, and banished from the territory of the Commonwealth."

The Consul. Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Cat. (Furious.) "Traitor!" I go—but I *return*. This —trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.

This day's the birth of sorrows!—this hour's work
Will breed proscriptions:—look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals *Rome's* eternal grave!

The SENATORS *rise in tumult and cry out,*

Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cic. Expel him, lictors! Clear the Senate house!

[*They surround him.*

Cat. (Struggling through them.) I go, but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go—but when I come, *'twill be the burst*
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!—
You build my funeral-pile, but your best blood
Shall quench its flame. Back slaves! *(To the lictors)*—I will *return!*

[*He rushes through the portal; the scene closes.*

LESSON LXX.

Commemorative of the First Settlement of New England.—D. WEBSTER.

LET us not forget the religious character of our origin. Our fathers were brought hither by their high veneration for the Christian religion. They journeyed by its light, and laboured in its hope. They sought to incorporate its principles with the elements of their society, and to diffuse its influence through all their institutions, civil, political, or literary. Let us cherish these sentiments, and extend this influence still more widely; in the full conviction, that that is the happiest society, which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceable spirit of Christianity.

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occa

sion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country, during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of an hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science, and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to

the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hopes of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!

LESSON LXXI.

In Behalf of Catholic Emancipation.—REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

THERE are a set of high-spirited men, who are very much afraid of being afraid; who cannot brook the idea of doing any thing from fear, and whose conversation is full of fire and sword, when any apprehension of resistance is alluded to. I have perfect confidence in the high and unyielding spirit, and in the military courage of the English; and I have no doubt, but that many of the country gentlemen, who now call out No Popery, would fearlessly put themselves at the head of their embattled yeomanry to control the Irish Catholics. My objections to such courage is, that it would certainly be exercised unjustly, and probably exercised in vain. I should deprecate any rising of the Catholics, as the most grievous misfortune which could happen to the empire and to themselves. They had far better endure all they do endure, and a great deal worse, than try the experiment.

But, if they do try it, you may depend upon it they will do it at their own time, and not at yours. They will not select a fortnight in the summer, during a profound peace, when corn and money abound, and when the Catholics of Europe are unconcerned spectators. If you make a resolution to be unjust, you must make another resolution to be always strong, always vigilant, and always rich; you must present a square phalanx of impenetrable strength, for keen-eyed revenge is riding round your ranks; and if one heart falter, or one hand tremble, you are lost.

You may call all this threatening; I am sure I have no such absurd intention; but wish only, in sober sadness, to point out what appears to me to be the inevitable conse-

quences of the conduct we pursue. If danger be not pointed out and insisted upon, how is it to be avoided? My firm belief is, that England will be compelled to grant ignominiously what she now refuses haughtily.

It is very difficult to make the mass of mankind believe that the state of things is ever to be otherwise than they have been accustomed to see it. I have very often heard old persons describe the impossibility of making any one believe that the American Colonies could ever be separated from this country. It was always considered as an idle dream of discontented politicians, good enough to fill up the periods of a speech, but which no practical man, devoid of the spirit of party, considered to be within the limits of possibility. There was a period when the slightest concession would have satisfied the Americans; but all the world was in heroics; one set of gentlemen met at the Lamb, and another at the Lion: blood and treasure men, breathing war, vengeance, and contempt; and in eight years afterwards, an awkward looking gentleman in plain clothes walked up to the drawing-room of St. James's, in the midst of the gentlemen of the Lion and the Lamb, and was introduced as the *ambassador from the United States of America.*

Mild and genteel people do not like the idea of persecution, and are advocates for toleration; but then they think it no act of intolerance to deprive Catholics of political power. The history of all this is, that all men secretly like to punish others for not being of the same opinion with themselves, and that this sort of privation is the only species of persecution, of which the improved feeling and advanced cultivation of the age will admit. Fire and faggot, chains and stone walls, have been clamoured away; nothing remains but to mortify a man's pride, and to limit his resources, and to set a mark upon him, by cutting him off from his fair share of political power. By this receipt, insolence is gratified, and humanity is not shocked.

The gentlest Protestant can see, with dry eyes, Lord Stourton excluded from Parliament, though he would abominate the most distant idea of personal cruelty to Mr. Petre. This is only to say that he lives in the nineteenth, instead of the sixteenth century, and that he is as intoler-

ant in religious matters as the state of manners existing in his age will permit. Is it not the same spirit, which wounds the pride of a fellow creature on account of his faith, or which casts his body into the flames? Are they any thing else but degrees and modifications of the same principle?

The minds of these two men no more differ because they differ in their degrees of punishment, than their bodies differ because one wore a doublet in the time of Mary, and the other wears a coat in the reign of George. I do not accuse them of intentional cruelty and injustice: I am sure there are very many excellent men, who would be shocked if they could conceive themselves to be guilty of any thing like cruelty; but they innocently give a wrong name to the bad spirit which is within them, and think they are tolerant, because they are not as intolerant as they could have been in other times, but cannot be now. The true spirit is to search after God and for another life, with lowliness of heart; to fling down no man's altar, to punish no man's prayer; to heap no penalties and no pains on those solemn supplications, which, in divers tongues, and in varied forms, and in temples of a thousand shapes, but with one deep sense of human dependence, men pour forth to God.

LESSON LXXII.

The Reward of Monarchs.—E. EVERETT.

ABOUT half a league from the little sea-port of Palos, in the province of Andalusia, in Spain, stands a convent dedicated to St. Mary. Sometime in the year 1486, a poor way-faring stranger, accompanied by a small boy, makes his appearance, on foot, at the gate of this convent, and begs of the porter a little bread and water for his child.—This friendless stranger is COLUMBUS. Brought up in the hardy pursuit of a mariner, with no other relaxation from its toils, but that of an occasional service in the fleets of his native country, with the burden of fifty years upon his frame, the unprotected foreigner makes his suit to the haughty sovereigns of Portugal and Spain.

He tells them, that the broad flat earth on which we tread, is round;—he proposes, with what seems a sacrilegious hand, to lift the veil which had hung, from the creation of the world, over the floods of the ocean;—he promises, by a western course, to reach the eastern shores of Asia,—the region of gold, and diamonds, and spices; to extend the sovereignty of christian kings over realms and nations hitherto unapproached and unknown;—and ultimately to perform a new crusade to the holy land, and ransom the sepulchre of our Saviour, with the new found gold of the east.

Who shall believe the chimerical pretension? The learned men examine it, and pronounce it futile. The royal pilots have ascertained by their own experience, that it is groundless. The priesthood have considered it, and have pronounced that sentence so terrific where the inquisition reigns, that it is a wicked heresy;—the common sense, and popular feeling of men, have been roused first into disdainful and then into indignant exercise, toward a project, which, by a strange new chimera, represented one half of mankind walking with their feet toward the other half.

Such is the reception which his proposal meets. For a long time, the great cause of humanity, depending on the discovery of these fair continents, is involved in the fortitude, perseverance, and spirit of the solitary stranger, already past the time of life, when the pulse of adventure beats full and high. If he sink beneath the indifference of the great, the sneers of the wise, the enmity of the mass, and the persecution of a host of adversaries, high and low, and give up the fruitless and thankless pursuit of his noble vision, what a hope for mankind is blasted!

But he does not sink. He shakes off his paltry enemies, as the lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane.—That consciousness of motive and of strength, which always supports the man who is worthy to be supported, sustains him in his hour of trial; and at length, after years of expectation, importunity, and hope deferred, he launches forth upon the unknown deep, to discover a new world, under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella!—Let us dwell for a moment on the auspices under which our country was brought to light. The patronage of Ferdinand

and Isabella! Yes, doubtless, they have fitted out a convoy, worthy the noble temper of the man, and the gallantry of his project. Convinced, at length, that it is no day-dream of a heated visionary, the fortunate sovereigns of Castile and Arragon, returning from their triumph over the last of the Moors, and putting a victorious close to a war of seven centuries' duration, have no doubt prepared an expedition of well appointed magnificence, to go out upon this splendid search for other worlds. They have made ready, no doubt, their proudest galleon, to waft the heroic adventurer upon his path of glory, with a whole armada of kindred spirits, to share his toils and honours.

Alas! from his ancient resort of Palos, which he first approached as a mendicant, in three frail barks, of which two were without decks,—the great discoverer of America sails forth on the first voyage across the unexplored waters.—Such is the patronage of kings! A few years pass by; he discovers a new hemisphere; the wildest of his visions fade into insignificance, before the reality of their fulfilment; he finds a new world for Castile and Leon, and comes back to Spain, loaded with iron fetters. Republics, it is said, are ungrateful;—such are the rewards of monarchs!

LESSON LXXIII.

Reflections in Westminster Abbey.—ADDISON.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church; amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another—the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are

common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence—whether brass or marble—as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull—intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together, under the pavement of that ancient cathedral;—how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass;—how beauty, strength, and youth; with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter!

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations: but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out: when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes—I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind: when I read the several dates of the tombs—of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago—I consider the great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together!

LESSON LXXIV.

The American Flag.—J. R. Drake.

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreathes the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendours fly,
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valour given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

LESSON LXXV.

To a City Pigeon.—N. P. Willis.

Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove!
Thy daily visits have touch'd my love!
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat;
And my joy is high,
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
And forsake the wood with its freshen'd leaves?
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?
How can'st thou bear
This noise of people—this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feather'd race
Dost look unscared on the human face;
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
Dost love with man in his haunts to be;
And "the gentle dove"
Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
Thou 'rt named with childhood's earliest word!
Thou 'rt link'd with all that is fresh and wild
In the prison'd thoughts of the city child!
And thy glossy wings
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set apart
Wisely by Him who has tamed thy heart,
To stir the love for the bright and fair
That else were seal'd in this crowded air.
I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come, then, ever, when daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves,
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low sweet music out!
I hear and see
Lessons of Heaven, sweet bird, in thee!

LESSON LXXVI.

The First of March.—HORACE SMITH.

THE bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now, in her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warm'd by summer's sun, in th' alembic of the vine,
From her fount will overrun, in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom, that shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;
And the juices, meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought of the wonders under ground,
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound;
How each thing upward tends, by necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends on the shooting of a seed!

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds his sway:—
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth, till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

The vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave;
And the summer tribes that creep, or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feather'd race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny first of March, be it dedicate to thee!

LESSON LXXVII.

Where is He?—HENRY NEELE.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

"AND where is he?" Not by the side
Of her whose wants he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend.

That form beloved he marks no more;
  Those scenes admired no more shall see;
Those scenes are lovely as before,
  And she as fair—but where is he?

No, no, the radiance is not dim
  That used to gild his favourite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him,
  Are dear to life and nature still;
But, ah! his home is not as fair,
  Neglected must his garden be,
The lilies droop and wither there,
  And seem to whisper, where is he?

His was the pomp, the crowded hall!
  But where is now his proud display?
His—riches, honours, pleasures, all
  Desire could frame;—but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
  Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
  Seemed proudly strong,—and where is he?

The church-yard bears an added stone,
  The fire-side shows a vacant chair;
Here sadness dwells, and weeps alone,
  And death displays his banner there;
The life has gone, the breath has fled,
  And what has been, no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
  O where are they, and where is he?

LESSON LXXVIII.

Character of Schiller.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

LITERATURE was his creed, the dictate of his conscience; he was an Apostle of the Sublime and Beautiful, and this his calling made a hero of him. For it was in the spirit of a true man that he viewed it, and undertook to cultivate it; and its inspirations constantly maintained the noblest temper in his soul.

The end of literature was not, in Schiller's judgment, to

amuse the idle, or to recreate the busy, by showy spectacles for the imagination, or quaint paradoxes and epigrammatic disquisitions for the understanding: least of all was it to gratify in any shape the selfishness of its professors, to minister to their malignity, their love of money, or even their fame. For persons who degrade it to such purposes, the deepest contempt, of which his kindly nature could admit, was at all times in store. "Unhappy mortal!" says he, to the literary tradesman, the man who writes for gain, "Unhappy mortal! that with science and art, the noblest of all instruments, effectest and attemptest nothing more than the day-drudge with the meanest! that in the domain of perfect Freedom, bearest about in thee the spirit of a slave!"

As Schiller viewed it, genuine literature includes the essence of philosophy, religion, art; whatever speaks to the immortal part of man. The daughter, she is likewise the nurse of all that is spiritual and exalted in our character. The boon she bestows is truth; truth not merely physical, political, economical, such as the sensual man in us is perpetually demanding, ever ready to reward, and likely in general to find; but truth of moral feeling, truth of taste, that inward truth in its thousand modifications, which only the most etherial portion of our nature can discern, but without which that portion of it languishes and dies; and we are left divested of our birthright, thenceforward "of the earth earthy," machines for earning and enjoying, no longer worthy to be called the sons of Heaven.

The treasures of Literature are thus celestial, imperishable, beyond all price: with her is the shrine of our best hopes, the palladium of pure manhood; to be among the guardians and servants of this is the noblest function that can be entrusted to a mortal. Genius, even in its faintest scintillations, is "the inspired gift of God;" a solemn mandate to its owner to go forth and labour in his sphere, to keep alive "the sacred fire" among his brethren, which the heavy and polluted atmosphere of this world is forever threatening to extinguish. Woe to him if he neglect this mandate, if he hear not its small still voice! Woe to him if he turn this inspired gift into the servant of his evil or ignoble passions; if he offer it on the altar of vanity, if he sell it for a piece of money!

LESSON LXXIX.

Law.—STEVENS.

LAW is law—law is law; and as in such and so forth and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many desperate cases in it It is also like physic, they that take the least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it: it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called "Bullum *versus* Boatum:" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows:

There were two farmers: farmer A. and farmer B. Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a bull: farmer B. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, had made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner: farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat; he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band: the boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it; it struck against a rock, which beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull; the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given, Bullum *versus* Boatum, Boatum *versus* Bullum.

Now the counsel for the bull began with saying: "My

lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls, before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull; if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be non-suited; because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel!—"My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and, if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing, that the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour: besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour, in the law, for the law can colour any thing. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted; it being proved, that the tide of the river carried them both away: upon which, I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued; and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose: How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos-mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled, by Boatum's attorney declaring, that, for his client, he would swear any thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows: *Aquæ baillifi est magistratus in choisi super omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et squ-*

los, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus riveris, lakis, pondis, canalibus, et well boats; sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus solus; that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law: the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo*.

LESSON LXXX.

Contributions of the New World to the Old.—D. WEBSTER.

FEW topics are more inviting, or more fit for philosophical discussion, than the action and influence of the new world upon the old; or the contributions of America to Europe. Her obligations to Europe for science and art, laws, literature and manners, America acknowledges as she ought, with respect and gratitude. And the people of the United States, descendants of the English stock, grateful for the treasures of knowledge derived from their English ancestors, acknowledge also, with thanks and filial regard, that among those ancestors, under the culture of Hampden and Sydney, and other assiduous friends, that seed of popular liberty first germinated, which on our soil has shot up to its full height, until its branches overshadow all the land.

But America has not failed to make returns. If she has not cancelled the obligation, or equalled it by others of like weight, she has, at least, made respectable advances, and some approaches toward equality. And she admits, that standing in the midst of civilized nations—there is a high part which she is expected to act, for the general advance of human interests and human welfare. American mines have filled the mints of Europe with the precious metals. The productions of the American soil and climate have poured out their abundance of luxuries for the tables of

the rich, and of necessaries for the sustenance of the poor. Birds and animals of beauty and value have been added to the European stocks; and transplantations from the transcendant and unequalled riches of our forests have mingled themselves profusely with the elms, and ashes, and Druidal oaks of England.

America has made contributions far more vast. Who can estimate the amount, or the value, of the augmentation of the commerce of the world, that has resulted from America? Who can imagine to himself, what would be the shock to the Eastern Continent, if the Atlantic were no longer traversable, or there were no longer American productions, or American markets? But America exercises influences, or holds out examples for the consideration of the Old World, of a much higher, because they are of a moral and political character. America has furnished to Europe proof of the fact that popular institutions, founded on equality and the principle of representation, are capable of maintaining governments—able to secure the rights of person, property, and reputation.

America has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind—that portion which in Europe is called the labouring, or lower class—to raise them to self-respect, to make them competent to act a part in the great right, and great duty, of self-government; and this she has proved may be done by education and the diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example, a thousand times more enchanting than ever was presented before, to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind. Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honour on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question today to the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the

relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not, that by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be, Washington!

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgiving of friends—I turn to that transcendant name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies, or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness—to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory—to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples—to all these I reply by pointing to Washington!

LESSON LXXXI.

Peroration to the Invective against Warren Hastings—SHERIDAN.

BEFORE I come to the last magnificent paragraph, let me call the attention of those who, possibly, think themselves capable of judging of the dignity and character of justice in this country;—let me call the attention of those who arrogantly, perhaps, presume that they understand what the features, what the duties of justice are here and in India; let them learn a lesson from this great statesman, this enlarged, this liberal philosopher:—"I hope I shall not depart from the simplicity of official language, in saying, that the Majesty of Justice ought to be approached with solicitation, not descend to provoke or invite it, much less to debase itself by the suggestion of wrongs, and the promise of redress, with the denunciation of punishment before trial, and even before accusation." This is the exhortation which Mr. Hastings makes to his Counsel. This is the character which he gives of British justice.

But I will ask your Lordships, do you approve this representation? Do you feel that this is the true image of Justice? Is this the character of British Justice? Are

these her features? Is this her countenance? Is this her gait or her mien? No; I think even now I hear you calling upon me to turn from this vile libel, this base caricature, this Indian pagod, formed by the hand of guilty and knavish tyranny, to dupe the heart of ignorance,—to turn from this deformed idol to the true Majesty of Justice here. *Here*, indeed, I see a different form, enthroned by the sovereign hand of Freedom,—awful, without severity—commanding, without pride—vigilant and active, without restlessness or suspicion—searching and inquisitive, without meanness or debasement—not arrogantly scorning to stoop to the voice of afflicted innocence, and in its loveliest attitude when bending to uplift the suppliant at its feet.

It is by the majesty, by the form of that justice, that I do conjure and implore your Lordships, to give your minds to this great business; that I exhort you to look, not so much to words which may be denied or quibbled away, but to the plain facts,—to weigh and consider the testimony in your own minds: we know the result must be inevitable. Let the truth appear, and our cause is gained. It is this—I conjure your Lordships, for your own honour, for the honour of the nation, for the honour of human nature, now entrusted to your care,—it is this duty that the Commons of England, speaking through us, claim at your hands.

They exhort you to it by every thing that calls sublimely upon the heart of man—by the majesty of that Justice which this bold man has libelled—by the wide fame of your tribunal—by the sacred pledge by which you swear in the solemn hour of decision: knowing that that decision will then bring you the highest rewards that ever blessed the heart of man—the consciousness of having done the greatest act of mercy for the world, that the earth has ever yet received from any hand but Heaven. My Lords, I have done.

LESSON LXXXII.

Panegyric on the Eloquence of Sheridan.—BURKE.

He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an

exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honour on himself—lustre upon letters—renown upon parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has equalled what we have this day heard.

No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we, this day, listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition, of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected.

LESSON LXXXIII.

Death of Little Nell.—CHARLES DICKENS.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was

dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes! the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and that the small tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "It is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but, as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them, and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at

beautiful music, which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung, with both her arms about his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend, came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying, that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favourite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which must remove her, in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice, rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigourous life, and

blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now—pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat, when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook where she had, many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath—many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave, before the stone should be replaced.

One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone, at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed.

Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch—and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave—in that calm time when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

LESSON LXXXIV.

The Eternity of God.—N. C. Brooks.

The deep foundations of the earth are thine,
Laid by thy hand, Almighty! when of old,
From ancient chaos, order rose, and light
From darkness—beauty from a shapeless mass;
A glorious orb from its Creator's hands
It came, in light and loveliness arrayed,
Crown'd with green em'rald mounts, tinted with gold,
And wearing, as a robe, the silver sea
Seeded with jewels of resplendent isles.

The awful heavens are thine—the liquid sun
That heaves his fiery waves beneath thine eye—
The ocean-fount of all the streams of light
That pour their beamy treasures through the wide
Illimitable ether, watering with their rays
The wide spread soil, to where the burning sands
Of dark immensity, eternal barriers throw
Against the flowing of their crystal streams—
Was from the Godhead's urn of glory poured.

The stars are thine—the charactery grand,
In which, upon the face of awful heaven
Thy hand has traced, in radiant lines, thy grace,
Thy glory, thy magnificence and power,
For eye of man and angel to behold,
And read and gaze on, worship and adore.

These shall grow old; the solid earth, with years
Shall see her sapless body shrivel up,
And her gray mountains crumble, piece-meal down
Like crypt and pyramid, to primal dust.
The sea shall labor—on his hoary head
Shall wave his tresses, silvered o'er with age!
The deep pulsation of the mighty heart,
That bids the blood-like fluid circulate
Through every fibre of the earth, shall cease;
And the eternal heavens, in whose bright folds,
As in a starry vesture, Thou art girt,
Shall lose their lustre, and grow old with years;
And as a worn-out garment, thou shalt fold
Their faded glories, and, they shall be changed
To vesture bright, immortal as thyself.
Yea, the eternal heavens, on whose blue page
Thy glory and magnificence are traced,
With age shall tarnish, and shall be rolled up,
As parchment scrolls of abrogated acts,
And be deposited in deathless urns
Among the archives of the mighty God.

Thou art the same—Thy years shall never fail;—
In glory bright, when every star and sun
Shall lose their lustre, and expire in night—
Immortal all, when time and slow decay
Imprint their ravages on nature's face;
Triumphantly secure, when from the tower
Of highest heaven's imperial citadel
The bell of nature's dissolution toll,
And sun, and star, and planet be dissolved,
And the wide drapery of darkness hang
A gloomy pall of sable mourning round
Dead nature, in the grave of chaos laid.

LESSON LXXXV.

Not on the Battle Field.—J. PIERPONT.

"To fall on the battle field, fighting for my dear country—that would not be hard."—*Miss Bremer.*

O, no, no! let *me* lie
Not on a field of battle when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head;
Nor let the reeking knife
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand, when death
Thunders along and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory felloes of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald Eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight.

I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter when gay penants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance:—
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave,
Who on the battle field have found a grave;
I know that o'er their bones,
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.

Some of these piles I've seen:—
The one at Lexington, upon the green,

Where the first blood was shed,
That to my country's independence led;
And others, on our shore,
"The battle monument," at Baltimore,
And that on Bunker's Hill,
Aye, and abroad, a few more famous still.

Thy "Tomb," Themistocles,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss,
That issue from the gulf of Salamis;—
And thine, too, have I seen,
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
That, like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb, and nibble over, as they stroll,
Watched by some turban'd boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout.
But as his eyes grow dim,
What is a column, or a mound, to him?
What, to the parting soul,
The mellow notes of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No—let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin, white hair,
And, from my forehead, dries
The death-damp, as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive
My soul to their clear depths! Or, let me leave
The world, when, round my bed,
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
To go and be at rest,
With kindred spirits who have blessed

The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

And in my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup.
That all must drink at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then, let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven!

And, though no grassy mound
Or granite pile, say, 'tis heroic ground,
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps—that those,
Whom I have striven to bless,—
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless—
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner and the poorer slave,—
And breathe an humble prayer,
That they may die like him whose bones are
mouldering there.

LESSON LXXXV.*

Hours of Idleness.—WORDSWORTH.

There is no remedy for time misspent,
No healing for the waste of idleness,

Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
O hours of indolence and discontent;
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness;
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems:
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven!

LESSON LXXXVI.

Fame.—JOANNA BAILLIE.

OH! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands upspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When, but for that, our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed—
A desert bare, a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When mem'ry of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye,
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality!

LESSON LXXXVII.

The Pauper's Death-bed.—MRS. SOUTHEY.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state:
Enter—no crowds attend,—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change—Oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonised, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new Immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

Last Scene of the Tragedy of "Brutus."—J. H. PAINE.

Citizens Present. At the left of the stage a tribunal, with a consular chair upon it. Brutus enters, followed by Valerius, and ascends the tribunal.

Br. Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors, who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and though villains,
Yet they are manly villains—But to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done—
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct the dagger
At freedom's infant throat—is a deed so black,
That my foil'd tongue refuses it a name. [*A pause.*
There is one criminal still left for judgment.
Let him approach.

[TITUS *is brought in by the* LICTORS.

Pris—on—er—

[*The voice of* BRUTUS *falters, and is choked, and he exclaims, with violent emotion—*

Romans! forgive this agony of grief—
My heart is bursting—Nature must have way—
I will perform all that a Roman should—
I cannot feel less than a father ought!

[*He becomes more calm. Gives a signal to the* LICTORS *to fall back, and advances from the judgment-seat to the front of the stage, on a line with his son.*

Well, Titus, speak—how is it with thee now?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepar'd to die?

Ti. Father, I call the pow'rs of heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed.
The gods will have it so.

Br. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwise.
It seems as if thy fate were pre-ordain'd
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd;—oh, therefore, let not fancy cheat thee:

So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of mortal man to save thee from the axe.
Ti. The axe!—Oh heaven!—Then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish like a common felon?
Br. How else do traitors suffer?—Nay, Titus, more—
I must myself ascend yon sad tribunal—
And there behold thee meet this death of shame—
With all thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee.—
See thy head taken by the common axe—
All—if the gods can hold me to my purpose—
Without one groan, without one pitying tear.
Ti. Die like a felon?—Ha! a common felon!—
But I deserve it all:—yet here I fail:—
This ignominy quite unmans me!
Oh, Brutus, Brutus! Must I call you father, [*Kneels.*
Yet have no token of your tenderness,
No sign of mercy? Not even leave to fall
As noble Romans fall, by my own sword?
Father, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?
Br. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that strain the very strings of life—
Let these convince you that no other cause
Could force a father thus to wrong his nature.
Ti. Oh, hold, thou violated majesty: [*Rises.*
I now submit with calmness to my fate.
Come forth, ye executioners of justice—
Come, take my life—and give it to my country!
Br. Embrace thy wretched father. May the gods
Arm thee with patience in this awful hour.
The sov'reign magistrate of injur'd Rome
Condemns a crime, thy father's heart forgives.
Go—meet thy death with a more manly courage
Than grief now suffers me to show in parting;
And, while she punishes, let Rome admire thee!
Farewell! Eternally farewell!—
Ti. Oh, Brutus! Oh, my father!—
Br. What would'st thou say, my son?
Ti. Wilt thou forgive me?
When I shall be no more, forget not my Tarquinia.

Br. Leave her to my care.
Ti. Farewell, for ever!
Br. For ever. [BRUTUS *re-ascends the tribunal.*
Lictors attend!——conduct your pris'ner forth!
Val. *(Rapidly and anxiously.)* Whither!
[*All the characters bend forward in great anxiety.*
Br. To death!—*(All start.)* When you do reach the spot
My hand shall wave, your signal for the act,
Then let the trumpet's sound proclaim it done!
[TITUS *is conducted out by the* LICTORS. *A dead march—which gradually dies away as it becomes more distant.* BRUTUS *remains seated in a melancholy posture on the tribunal.*
Poor youth! Thy pilgrimage is at an end!
A few sad steps have brought thee to the brink
Of that tremendous precipice, whose depth
No thought of man can fathom. Justice, now,
Demands her victim! A little moment—
And I am childless!—One effort, and 'tis past!—
[*He rises and waves his hand, convulsed with agitation, then drops on his seat, and shrouds his face with his toga. Three sounds of the trumpet are heard instantly. All the characters assume attitudes of deep misery.*—BRUTUS *starts up wildly, descends to the front in extreme agitation, looks out on the side by which* TITUS *departed for an instant, then, with an hysterical burst, exclaims,*
Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free!
[BRUTUS *falls.*—*The characters group around him.*

LESSON LXXXIX.

On the Being of a God.—YOUNG.

RETIRE;—the world shut out—thy thoughts call home!
Imagination's airy wing repress;
Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;—
Wake all to Reason;—let her reign alone:—

Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of nature's silence,—midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done; and shall inquire no more.
In Nature's channel, thus the questions run.
What am I? and from whence? I nothing know,
But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been; eternal there must be.
But what eternal?—why not human race;
And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
That's hard to be conceived; since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail:
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet, grant it true, new difficulties rise:
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal, too?—
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other father. Much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
Design implies intelligence and art;
That can't be from themselves—or man; that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater, yet allowed than man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? then, each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.
Has matter none? then whence these glorious forms,
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,
Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man!
If art, to form; and counsel to conduct—
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns.—
And, if a God there is, that God how great!

LESSON XC.

Henry V. to his Soldiers.—SHAKSPEARE.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with the English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage;
Then, lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon!
Now, set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath; and bend up every spirit
To its full height. Now, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war proof;
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument!
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.—The game's afoot!—
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George!

LESSON XCI.

Marcellus's Speech to the Mob.—IB.

WHEREFORE rejoice? that Cæsar comes in triumph!
What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks! you stones! you worse than senseless things!
Oh, you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops—

[illegible]

LESSON XCII.

Henry V.'s Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.—Id.

WHAT'S he that wishes for more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin;
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and, if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
No, no, my lord! wish not a man from England!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
May straight depart: his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company!
This day is called the Feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian!
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will, yearly on the vigil, feast his neighbours:
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian!
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget, yet shall not all forget,

But they'll remember with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian's day shall ne'er go by,
From this time to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers!
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother—be he e'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And, gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

LESSON XCIII.

Rolla to the Peruvians.—SHERIDAN.

My brave associates!—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No;—you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.—They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—we serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!—Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.—They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—they—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and

pride!—They offer us their protection—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—Be our plain answer this: The throne we honour, is the people's choice—the laws we reverence, are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow, teaches us to live in the bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with the hope of bliss beyond the grave—Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as they would bring us.

LESSON XCIV.

Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.—ADDISON.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?—
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man!
Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes, must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me—
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us—
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works—He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in, must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd:—My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This—in a moment—brings me to an end;
But this—informs me I shall never die!

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

LESSON XCV.

The Coral Grove.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine;
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;

Then far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

LESSON XCVI.

On the Bill to refund to Gen. Jackson the Fine imposed upon him at New Orleans, 1815.—W. C. PRESTON.

ESCAPING for an instant from our bitter party struggles, and going back to mingle our recollections and sympathies upon the battle-ground of New Orleans, I would not tarnish the moment of pure and generous feeling with any emotion or act inconsistent with them. For one, my memory and my heart revert to that scene and that time, with an entire oblivion of all the circumstances that have separated me from, and placed me in opposition to, General Jackson since. I will not detract from the glory, or diminish my admiration, of the illustrious chief, by the retro-active influence of subsequent events; but, forgetting and overlooking the intervening space, I place myself where I was twenty-five years ago, with the glow of patriotic gratitude and exulting admiration that then swelled my bosom, enhanced as it was by personal affection for its object.

I see him amidst his victorious fellow-soldiers, and in the presence of a city which his skill and courage had rescued from rapine and ruin, the theme of all praise, the object of all gratitude, the depository of all the tributes of the human heart. But by the transaction (now brought to mind by this bill,) he was placed, as it seems to me, in a still higher and nobler attitude. In the very flush of victory, with his soldiers around him, and in the city he had saved, he was summoned to a trial for an imputed misdemeanour; and I confess, Mr. President, that, more than the battle, it swells my bosom to see him bend that laurelled brow before the seat of justice—patiently taking its censure and submitting to its award.

Indeed, it was a very noble spectacle, and has embla

zoned the principle of our institutions, that the military is subordinate to the civil authority, and that all men are equal in the law. General Jackson, however, was not the only person in this grand spectacle. There was, too, the representative of that quiet authority, which rests upon an unseen moral power. There was the judge, who summoned the General, who pronounced judgment upon him, at such a moment, under such circumstances. An English monarch congratulated himself, and with good cause, that he had

> "A man so bold
> That dare do justice on my proper son;
> And not less happy having such a son,
> That would deliver up his greatness so
> Into the hands of justice."

And our republic may with equal truth congratulate herself upon having such a judge and such a general.

While we propose to throw a bright and warm colouring upon one of the figures in this picture, it is equally the dictate of taste, of sentiment, and of justice, that we do not throw a shade upon the other; and this, I fear, will be or may be the case, if we pass the bill in its present shape, without guarding it against unjust implications, or accompanying it with a statement of the facts. To this end, I am inclined to move a recommitment of the bill, with instructions to report the facts connected with the levying of the fine. I should be very much ashamed of having so imperfect a recollection of the minute particulars of an affair so honourable to the country, did I not reflect, that in all striking events of this kind, details are forgotten in the general result; or rather that the impression made by the whole is so strong as to prevent any impression by the parts; and this accounts for the varying recollections of each of the gentlemen who have spoken.

The senator from Pennsylvania, whose speech purported to be the most circumstantial detail, I rather think has fallen into the greatest error of any one, who has spoken. He attributes the conduct of the judge, who imposed the fine on General Jackson, to some supposed personal offence; whereas, I take the fact to have been, that the process of contempt was issued against the general for disobeying the exigency of a writ of *habeas corpus*, directing him to produce a person held in confinement by his orders. The case

I take to be shortly this: The general had established martial law, and, by virtue of it, had arrested an individual. The prisoner sued out his writ of *habeas corpus*, returnable before Judge Hall. The general refused to produce him, and the judge fined the general a thousand dollars.

I cannot but believe the senator makes an unjust, as he certainly does an unnecessary imputation upon Judge Hall, when he attributes to him motives so paltry as personal pique and irritation. The relative conditions of the judge and general forbid such a conclusion. The judge could not have been prompted to or restrained in so high and bold a course, by motives so petty and unworthy. They could not have inspired him with the courage necessary for the performance of such an act. How he lacked the support of all sympathy—how utterly solitary he was in performing his duty, is proved by the fact, that when he pronounced judgment, the assembled multitude rushed forward to pay the fine: the ladies begged the honour to be permitted to discharge it; and, doubtless, ten times the sum would have been advanced by the eager and grateful citizens, if General Jackson had not thought it a fit occasion to inculcate in his own person a lesson of submission to the laws. As it was, the ladies did subscribe a thousand dollars for this purpose, which, by the direction of the general, was appropriated to the widows and orphans of the late battle, and he paid the fine with his own money.

Amidst the state of feeling, evinced by such acts, the judge could have found no support, but rather cause for dismay and shrinking, from the influence of any unworthy impulses. The consciousness of malice would have made him a coward. Nothing but an ennobling sense of duty could have endowed him with a courage as heroical as that which he confronted, and which enabled him to withstand the ardour of the citizens and the brow of the conqueror.

The case, therefore, presents itself to us, as I trust it will to posterity—as one in which a commanding general, in the zealous and honest discharge of his duty, in time of war, did an act, which a judge, in the zealous and honest discharge of his duty, pronounced against. In this view of the matter, we may remit the fine without inflicting censure any where; and while we manifest our gratitude to

General Jackson, show that we respect the lesson which he gave us of deference to the judge.

LESSON XCVII.

On Arming for War with England, Dec. 1811.—H. CLAY.

GENTLEMEN have inquired, what will be gained by the contemplated war? I ask, in turn, what will you not lose by your mongrel state of peace with Great Britain? Do you expect to gain any thing in a pecuniary view? No, sir. Look at your treasury reports. We now receive only six millions of revenue annually; and this amount must be diminished in the same proportion as the rigourous execution of the orders in council shall increase. Before these orders existed, we received sixteen millions. We lose, then, to the amount of ten millions of revenue per annum by our present peace. A war would produce the repeal of the orders in council; and our revenue would be restored, our commerce would flourish, our wealth and prosperity would advance.

But England, it seems, is fighting the battles of mankind; and we are asked, shall we weaken her magnanimous efforts? For argument's sake, let us concede the fact, that the French Emperor is aiming at universal empire; can Great Britain challenge our sympathies, when, instead of putting forth her arms to protect the world, she has converted the war into a means of self-aggrandizement; when, under pretence of defending them, she has destroyed the commerce and trampled on the rights of every nation;—when she has attempted to annihilate every vestige of the public maritime code of which she professes to be the champion? Shall we bear the cuffs and scoffs of British arrogance, because we may entertain chimerical fears of French subjugation? Shall we swallow the potion of British poison, lest we may be presented with the imperial dose?—Are we called upon to bow to the mandates of royal insolence, as a preparation to contend against Gallic usurpation?

Who ever learned in the school of base submission, the lessons of noble freedom, and courage, and independence?

Look at Spain. Did she secure her independence by submitting, in the first instance, to the dictates of imperial usurpations? No, sir. If she had resisted the first intrusion into her councils, her monarch would not at this time be a miserable victim in the dungeons of Marseilles. We cannot secure our independence of one power, by a dastardly submission to the will of another. But look at our own history. Our ancestors of the Revolution resisted the first encroachments of British tyranny. They foresaw that by submitting to pay an illegal tax, contemptible as that was in itself, their liberties would ultimately be subverted.

Consider the progress of the present disputes with England. For what were we contending the other day? For the indirect colonial carrying trade. That has vanished. For what are we now deliberating? For the direct export and import trade; the trade in our own cotton, and tobacco, and fish. Give this up, and to-morrow we must take up arms for our right to pass from New York to New Orleans; from the upper country on James River to Richmond.

Sir, when did submission to one wrong, induce an adversary to cease his encroachments on the party submitting? But we are told that we ought only to go to war when our territory is invaded. How much better than invasion is the blocking of our very ports and harbours, insulting our towns, plundering our merchants, and scouring our coasts? If our fields are surrounded, are they in a better condition than if invaded? When the murderer is at our doors, shall we meanly skulk to our cells? Or shall we boldly oppose him at his entrance?

LESSON XCVIII.

Love.—SOUTHEY.

THEY sin who tell us love can die;—
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;—
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish when they have their birth.

But love is indestructible,—
Its holy flame for ever burneth,—
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest;
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight!

LESSON XCIX.

America to Great Britain.—Washington Allston.

All hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one!"

LESSON C.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.—SHAKSPEARE.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear,
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard; say, then, I taught thee—

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one—though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still, in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny,—'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, are all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell! Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

LESSON CI.

The Mariner's Dream.—DIMOND.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory stood sideways, half cover'd with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted the thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"Oh God! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye!
Ah! what is that sound that now 'larums his ear!
'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell,
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;—
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

Oh, sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;—
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss!

Oh, sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unbless'd and unhonour'd, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
Oh, sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

LESSON CII.

Rainy Weather.—W. H. SIMMONS.

GRACIOUS Rain! how long wilt thou vouchsafe thyself to us, thankless groundlings? Wilt thou never tire, serviceable priestess, of thy great lustrations? From a thousand mountain-torrents, and emerald meads, and imperial rivers—from those pleasant homes of thine, the great lakes of the wilderness—from thy palace of Ocean—painfully art thou ever ascending—suffering the intolerable sun-stroke, and expanding to bodiless vapour that thou mayest climb the air, and re-gather thy weary atoms—not to sail off, in thy gorgeous cloud-squadron, to a better world, or to live in soft dalliance forever with the blue heaven and the silver star—but to hang anxiously over our unworthy heads, and descend seasonably upon city or field, without a murmur, from thy hard-earned elevation.

Ay! and during that aerial watch of thine, heavenly benefactress! while thou art waiting to be gracious—tempering the meridian and unutterably decorating sunset and the dawn—art thou not exposed to the rude and wanton winds, who rend thy skirts, and hurry thee shivering about the inhospitable skies? And dost thou not entertain, perforce, the lightning—fearful guest!—deafened with his monstrous music, the thunder-peal, and scorched and riven with his fierce love? Yet wherefore that toilsome ascent—that dread sojourn—but to descend at last, purified by the sublime ordeal, in beneficent cadence, upon an oft ungrateful world? Oh! our offence is rank! One heart, at least,

hereafter shall humbly and thankfully welcome thee, when ever thou fallest "sweet rain from heaven, upon the place beneath." Whether in the genial infusion of thy fitful April favours, or in the copious and renovating magnificence of the summer shower, or under thy heavy equinoctial dominion, or in the loud, black storm—wintry or autumnal; welcome—ever welcome—in all thy seasons and in all thy moods!

For in none, fair minister, art thou not benignant; in the least amiable of them, most singularly dost thou deserve our love. Well would it please thee, doubtless, to usher in perpetual May-mornings with a soft suffusion—to fall never but when fanned by zephyrs and the sweetest south-west—or from the breathless skies of June, when a verdant world pants for thy bountiful down-coming! And do we upbraid thee, in our heartless stupidity, because, rather than withhold thy life-giving dispensations, thou allayest thy gentle nature with thy opposites, and comest in unwelcome company—in chilly league with Eurus, or riding on the stormy wings of night-confounding Aquilo—subduing him to thy soft purpose, and charming away his rage—daring all things, so thou mayst reach and nourish the bosom of thine ancient Mother? Pious child—dear invader—forgive us!

LESSON CIII.

Hannibal to His Soldiers.—LIVY.

ON what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war.—Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.

First, they demand me—that, I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed.

Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines; is Saguntum upon the Iberus? move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa! Will pass, did I say? —this very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain.

No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then—be men.—The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

LESSON CIV.

Marco Bozzaris.—HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror:
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
  Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
  Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
  On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
  As quick, as far as they.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke;
  That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
  And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
  Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires;
Strike---for your altars and your fires;
Strike---for the green graves of your sires;
  God---and your native land!"

They fought---like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
  And the red field was won:
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
  Like flowers at set of sun.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime!

LESSON CV.

Hymn to the Stars.—ANONYMOUS.

Ay! there ye shine, and there have shone
In one eternal hour of prime;
Each rolling, burningly, alone,
Through boundless space and countless time!
Ay! there ye shine! the golden dews
That pave the realms by seraphs trod;
There, through yon echoing vault diffuse
The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye visible spirits! bright as erst
Young Eden's birth-night saw ye shine
On all her flowers and fountains first,
Yet sparkling from the hand divine,—
Yes! bright as when ye smiled to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
Ye hold your high immortal watch,
And gird your God's pavilion there!

Gold frets to dust—yet there ye are:
Time rots the diamond—there ye roll
In primal light, as if each star
Enshrined an everlasting soul!
And do they not? Since yon bright throngs
One all-enlightened Spirit own,
Praised there by pure sidereal tongues,
Eternal, glorious, blest, and lone?

Could man but see what ye have seen,
Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what has been—
The glance how rich, the range how vast!
The birth of time; the rise; the fall
Of empires; myriads, ages flown;
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships, all
The things whose echoes are not gone!

Ye saw red Zoroaster send
His soul into your mystic reign:
Ye saw the adoring Sabian bend,
The living hills his mighty fane;

Beneath this blue and beaming sky,
He worshipped at your lofty shrine,
And deemed he saw with gifted eye,
The Godhead in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of an earthly sire:
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's cataract fire;
Drought, famine, plague, and blood, and flame
All nature's ills, and life's worst woes,
Are nought to you; ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Ay! there ye roll, emblems sublime
Of him whose spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime
Still shining on the world he loves.
Nor is one scene to mortals given
That more divides the soul and sod,
Than yon proud heraldry of heaven,
Yon burning blazonry of God!

LESSON CVI.

The Passions.—COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for Madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all her song.
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat.
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!

Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd:
And, now, it courted Love; now, raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay—
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing—
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulders flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung;
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

LESSON CVII.

Van Den Bosch persuades Philip Van Artevelde to accept the command of Ghent.—HENRY TAYLOR.

Artevelde. THIS is a mighty matter, Van den Bosch,
And much to be revolv'd ere it be answered.
Van den Bosch. The people shall elect thee with one voice.
I will ensure the White-Hoods, and the rest
Will eagerly accept thy nomination,
So to be rid of some that they like less.
Thy name is honour'd both of rich and poor,
For all are mindful of the glorious rule
Thy father bore, when Flanders, prosperous then,
From end to end obey'd him as one town.
Art. They may remember it—and, Van den Bosch,
May I not, too, bethink me of the end
To which this people brought my noble father?
They gorged the fruits of his good husbandry,
Till, drunk with long prosperity, and blind
With too much fatness, they tore up the root
From which their common weal had sprung and flourished.
Van den B. Nay, Master Philip, let the past be past.
Art. Here on the doorstead of my father's house,
The blood of his they spilt is seen no more.
But when I was a child I saw it there;
For so long as my widow-mother lived
Water came never near the sanguine stain.
She lov'd to show it me, and then with awe,—
But hoarding still the purpose of revenge,
I heard the tale—which, like a daily prayer
Repeated, to a rooted feeling grew—
How long he fought, how falsely came like friends
The villains Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette,—
All the base murder of the one by many!
Even such a brutal multitude as they
Who slew my father—yea, who slew their own,
(For like one had he ruled the parricides,)
Even such a multitude thou'dst have me govern.
Van den B. Why, what if Jacques Artevelde was killed?
He had his reign, and that for many a year,

And a great glory did he gain thereby.
And as for Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette,
Their breath is in their nostrils as was his.
If you be as stout-hearted as your father,
And mindful of the villainous trick they play'd him,
Their hour of reckoning is well nigh come.
Of that, and of this base false-hearted league
They're making with the earl, these two to us
Shall give account.

Art. They cannot render back
The golden bowl that's broken at the fountain,
Or mend the wheel that's broken at the cistern,
Or twist again the silver cord that's loosed.
Yea, life for life, vile bankrupts as they are,—
Their worthless lives, for his of countless price,—
Is their whole wherewithal to pay their debt.
Yet retribution is a goodly thing,
And it were well to wring the payment from them
Even to the utmost drop of their hearts' blood.

Van den B. Then will I call the people to the square,
And speak for your election.

Art. Not so fast.
Your vessel, Van den Bosch, hath felt the storm:
She rolls dismasted in an ugly swell,
And you would make a jury-mast of me,
Whereon to spread the tatters of your canvass.
And what am I?—Why, I am as the oak
Which stood apart, far down the vale of life,
Growing retired beneath a quiet sky.
Wherefore should this be added to the wreck?

Van den B. I pray you, speak it in the Burghers' tongue
I lack the scholarship to talk in tropes.

Art. The question, to be plain, is briefly this:
Shall I, who, chary of tranquillity,
Not busy in this factious city's broils,
Nor frequent in the market-place, eschew'd
The even battle,—shall I join the rout?

Van den B. Times are sore changed, I see; there's none in Ghent
That answers to the name of Artevelde.
Thy father did not carp nor question thus
When Ghent invoked his aid. The days have been

When not a citizen drew breath in Ghent
But freely would have died in Freedom's cause.
Art. The cause, I grant thee, Van den Bosch, is good;
And were I link'd to earth no otherwise
But that my whole heart centred in myself,
I could have toss'd you this poor life to play with,
Taking no second thought. But as things are,
I will revolve the matter warily,
And send thee word betimes of my conclusion.
Van den B. Betimes it must be, for the White-Hood chiefs
Meet two hours hence, and ere we separate
Our course must be determined.
Art. In two hours,
If I be for you, I will send this ring
In token I have so resolved. Farewell!
Van den B. Philip Van Artevelde, a greater man
Then ever Ghent beheld, we'll make of thee,
If thou be bold enough to try this venture.
God give thee heart to do so. Fare thee well.
[*Exit* VAN DEN BOSCH.
Art. (*after a long pause*). Is it vain glory that thus whispers me,
That 'tis ignoble to have led my life
In idle meditations—that the times
Demand me, that they call my father's name?
Oh! what a fiery heart was his! such souls
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages. Oh! my father!
Thy life is eloquent, and more persuades
Unto dominion than thy death deters!

LESSON CVI.

Van Artevelde's Defence of his Rebellion.—HENRY TAYLOR.

You speak of insurrections: bear in mind
Against what rule my father and myself

Have been insurgent; whom did we supplant?—
There was a time, so ancient records tell,
There were communities, scarce known by name
In these degenerate days, but once far-famed,
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,
Ordered the common weal; where great men grew
Up to their natural eminence, and none,
Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great;
Where power was of God's gift, to whom he gave
Supremacy of merit, the sole means
And broad highway to power, that ever then
Was meritoriously administered,
Whilst all its instruments from first to last,
The tools of state for service high or low,
Were chosen for their aptness to those ends
Which virtue meditates.
To shake the ground,
Deep-founded whereupon this structure stood,
Was verily a crime; a treason it was,
Conspiracies to hatch against this state
And its free innocence. But now, I ask,
Where is there on God's earth that polity
Which it is not, by consequence converse,
A treason against nature to uphold?
Whom may we now call free? whom great? whom wise?
Whom innocent?—the free are only they,
Whom power makes free to execute all ills
Their hearts imagine; they are only great
Whose passions nurse them from their cradles up
In luxury and lewdness,—whom to see
Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn
Their station's eminence; the wise, they only
Who wait obscurely till the bolts of heaven
Shall break upon the land, and give them light
Whereby to walk; the innocent, alas!
Poor innocency lies where four roads meet,
A stone upon her head, a stake driven through h
For who is innocent that cares to live?
The hand of power doth press the very life
Of innocency out!
What then remains

But in the cause of nature to stand forth,
And turn this frame of things the right side up?
For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,
And tell your masters, vainly they resist.
Nature, that slept beneath their poisonous drugs,
Is up and stirring, and from north and south,
From east and west, from England and from France,
From Germany, and Flanders, and Navarre,
Shall stand against them like a beast at bay.
The blood that they have shed will hide no longer
In the blood-sloken soil, but cries to heaven.
Their cruelties and wrongs against the poor
Shall quicken into swarms of venomous snakes,
And hiss through all the earth, till o'er the earth,
That ceases then from hissings and from groans,
Rises the song—How are the mighty fallen!
And by the peasant's hand! Low lie the proud!
And smitten with the weapons of the poor—
The blacksmith's hammer and the woodman's axe!
Their tale is told; and for that they were rich,
And robbed the poor; and for that they were strong,
And scourged the weak; and for that they made laws
Which turned the sweat of labour's brow to blood,—
For these their sins the nations cast them out.
These things come to pass
From small beginnings, because God is just.

LESSON CIX.

Character of Columbus.—W. IRVING.

THE poetical temperament of Columbus is discernible throughout all his writings, and in all his actions. It spread a golden and glorious world around him, and tinged every thing with its own gorgeous colours. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavillings of men of cooler and safer, but more groveling minds. Such were the conjectures formed on the coast of Paria, about the form of the earth, and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir, in Hispaniola, and of the Aurea Chersonesus, in Veragua;

and such was the heroic scheme of the crusade, for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It mingled with his religion, and filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations, on mystic passages of the scriptures, and the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, subject to impulses and supernatural visions from the Deity; such as the voice he imagined spoke to him in comfort, amidst the troubles of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Veragua.

He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature were controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of wasting itself in idle soarings, lent wings to his judgment, and bore it away to conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived; nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out.

To his intellectual vision it was given, to read in the signs of the times, and in the reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world, as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. "His soul," observes a Spanish writer, "was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise to plough a sea which had given rise to so many fables, and to decipher the mystery of his time."

With all the visionary fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea, that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir, which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma, were but remote parts of Asia.

What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude,

and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! and how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the chills of age, and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

LESSON CX.

A Ship under Full Sail.—R. H. Dana, Jr.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship, literally, under all her sail. A ship coming in or going out of port, with her ordinary sails, and perhaps two or three studding-sails, is commonly said to be under full sail; but a ship never has all her sail upon her, except when she has a light, steady breeze, very nearly, but not quite dead aft, and so regular that it can be trusted, and is likely to last for some time. Then, with all her sails, light and heavy, and studding-sails, on each side, alow and aloft, she is the most glorious moving object in the world. Such a sight, very few, even some who have been at sea a good deal, have ever beheld; for from the deck of your own vessel you cannot see her, as you would a separate object.

One night, while we were in these tropics, I went out to the end of the flying jib-boom, upon some duty, and having finished it, turned round, and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me. Being so far out from the deck, I could look at the ship, as at a separate vessel;—and there rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvass, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds.

The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade-

wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem; and the sails were spread out, wide and high;—the two lower studding-sails stretching, on each side, far beyond the deck; the top-mast studding-sails, like wings to the top-sails; the top-gallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string; and, highest of all, the little sky-sail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand.

So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble, they could not have been more motionless. Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvass; not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail—so perfectly were they distended by the breeze! I was so lost in the sight, that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said, (for he, too, rough old man-of-war's-man as he was, had been gazing at the show,) half to himself, still looking at the marble sails—"How quietly they do their work!"

LESSON CXI.

From his Inaugural Address on Entering upon the Presidency of the United States.—JEFFERSON.

DURING the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions, has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will of course arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All too will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression.

Let us then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind, let us restore to social intercourse, that harmony and affection, without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. And let us reflect, that having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance, as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.

During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others; and should divide opinions as to measures of safety; but every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle.

We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans: we are all federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough.

But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear, that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not.

I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said, that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others? Or, have we found angels in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend every thing dear and valuable to you,

it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently, those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principles, but not all their limitations :—

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political: peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none: the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies: the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad: a jealous care of the right of election by the people: a mild and safe corrective of abuses, which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided: absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism: a well disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them: the supremacy of the civil over the military authority: economy in the public expense, that labour may be lightly burdened: the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith: encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its hand-maid: the diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason: freedom of religion; freedom of the press; and freedom of person, under the protection of the *habeas corpus*: and trial by juries impartially selected.

These principles form the bright constellation, which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages, and blood of our heroes, have been devoted to their attainment: they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety.

LESSON CXII.

Repudiation of the Charge of French Influence during the War of 1812.—H. CLAY.

THE administration of this country devoted to foreign influence! Great Heavens! What a charge! How is it so influenced? By what ligament, on what basis, on what possible foundation does it rest? Is it similarity of language? No! we speak different tongues—we speak the English language. On the resemblance of our laws? No! the sources of our jurisprudence spring from another and a different country. On commercial intercourse? No! we have comparatively none with France. Is it from the correspondence in the genius of the two governments? No! here alone is the liberty of man secure from the inexorable despotism which everywhere else tramples it under foot.

Where, then, is the ground of such an influence? But, sir, I am insulting you by arguing on such a subject. Yet, preposterous and ridiculous as the insinuation is, it is propagated with so much industry, that there are persons found foolish and credulous enough to believe it. You will, no doubt, think it incredible (but I have nevertheless been told it is a fact), that an honourable member of this house, now in my eye, recently lost his election by the circulation of a silly story in his district, that he was the first cousin of the Emperor Napoleon. The proof of the charge rested on the statement of facts, which were undoubtedly true. The gentleman in question, it was alleged, had married a connection of the lady of the President of the United States, who was the intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, who some years ago was in the habit of wearing red French breeches. Now, taking these premises as established, you, Mr. Chairman, are too good a logician not to see that the conclusion necessarily follows!

Throughout the period I have been speaking of, the opposition has been distinguished, amidst all its veerings and changes, by another inflexible feature—the application to

Bonaparte of every vile and opprobrious epithet, which our language, copious as it is in terms of vituperation, affords. He has been compared to every hideous monster and beast, from that mentioned in the Revelation, down to the most insignificant quadruped. He has been called the scourge of mankind, the destroyer of Europe, the great robber, the infidel, the modern Attila, and heaven knows by what other names.

Really, gentlemen remind me of an obscure lady, in a city not very far off, who also took it into her head, in conversation with an accomplished French gentleman, to talk of the affairs of Europe. She too spoke of the destruction of the balance of power, stormed and raged about the insatiable ambition of the emperor; called him the curse of mankind, the destroyer of Europe. The Frenchman listened to her with perfect patience, and, when she had ceased, said to her with ineffable politeness, "Madame, it would give my master, the emperor, infinite pain, if he knew how hardly you thought of him."

Sir, gentlemen appear to me to forget that they stand on American soil; that they are not in the British House of Commons, but in the chamber of the House of Representatives of the United States; that we have nothing to do with the affairs of Europe, the partition of territory and sovereignty there, except so far as these things affect the interests of our own country. Gentlemen transform themselves into the Burkes, Chathams, and Pitts of another country, and forgetting, from honest zeal, the interests of America, engage with European sensibility in the discussion of European interests. If gentlemen ask me whether I do not view with regret and horror the concentration of such vast power in the hands of Bonaparte, I reply that I do. I regret to see the emperor of China holding such immense sway over the fortunes of millions of our species. I regret to see Great Britain possessing so uncontrolled a command over all the waters of our globe.

If I had the ability to distribute among the nations of Europe their several portions of power and sovereignty, I would say that Holland should be resuscitated, and given the weight she enjoyed in the days of her De Witts. I would confine France within her natural boundaries, the Alps, Pyrenees, and the Rhine, and make her a secondary

naval power only. I would abridge the British maritime power, raise Prussia and Austria to their original condition, and preserve the integrity of the empire of Russia.

But these are speculations. I look at the political transactions of Europe, with the single exception of their possible bearing upon us, as I do at the history of other countries, or other times. I do not survey them with half the interest that I do the movements in South America. Our political relations with them are much less important than they are supposed to be. I have no fears of French or of English subjugation. If we are united, we are too powerful for the mightiest nation in Europe, or all Europe combined. If we are separated and torn asunder, we shall become an easy prey to the weakest of them. In the latter dreadful contingency, our country will not be worth preserving.

LESSON CXIII.

Indifference to Popular Elections.—G. Mc Duffie.

We have been frequently told, that the farmer should attend to the plough, and the mechanic to his handicraft, during the canvass for the presidency. Sir, a more dangerous doctrine could not be inculcated. If there is any spectacle from the contemplation of which I would shrink with peculiar horror, it would be that of the great mass of the American people, sunk into a profound apathy on the subject of their highest political interests. Such a spectacle would be more portentous to the eye of intelligent patriotism, than all the monsters of the earth, and fiery signs of the heavens, to the eye of trembling superstition. If the people could be indifferent to the fate of a contest for the presidency, they would be unworthy of freedom. If I were to perceive them sinking into this apathy, I would even apply the power of political galvanism, if such a power could be found, to rouse them from their fatal lethargy.

"Keep the people quiet! Peace! peace!" Such are the whispers by which the people are to be lulled to sleep in the very crisis of their highest concerns. Sir, "you

make a solitude, and call it peace!" Peace? 'Tis death! Take away all interest from the people, in the election of their chief ruler, and liberty is no more. What, sir, is to be the consequence? If the people do not elect the President, somebody must. There is no special providence to decide the question. Who, then, is to make the election, and how will it operate? You throw a general paralysis over the body politic, and excite a morbid action in particular members.

The general patriotic excitement of the people, in relation to the election of the President, is as essential to the health and energy of the political system, as circulation of the blood is to the health and energy of the natural body. Check that circulation, and you inevitably produce local inflammation, gangrene, and ultimately death. Make the people indifferent—destroy their legitimate influence, and you communicate a morbid violence to the efforts of those who are ever ready to assume the control of such affairs —the mercenary intriguers and interested office hunters of the country.

Tell me not, sir, of popular violence! Show me a hundred political factionists—men who look to the election of a President, as a means of gratifying their high or their low ambition—and I will show you the very materials for a mob, ready for any desperate adventure connected with their common fortunes. The reason of this extraordinary excitement is obvious. It is a matter of self-interest, of personal ambition. The people can have no such motives; they look only to the interest and glory of the country.

There was a law of Athens which subjected every citizen to punishment, who refused to take sides in the political parties which divided the republic. It was founded in the deepest wisdom. In political affairs, the vicious, the ambitious, and the interested, are always active. It is the natural tendency of virtue, confiding in the strength of its own cause, to be inactive. It hence results, that the ambitious few will inevitably acquire the ascendancy, in the conduct of human affairs, if the patriotic many, the people, are not stimulated and roused to a proper activity and effort.

Sir, no nation on earth has ever exerted so extensive an influence on human affairs, as this will certainly exercise,

if we preserve our glorious system of government in its purity. The liberty of this country is a sacred depository —a vestal fire, which Providence has committed to us for the general benefit of mankind. It is the world's last hope. Extinguish it, and the earth will be covered with eternal darkness. But once put out that fire, and I "know not where is the Promethean heat, which can that light relume."

LESSON CXIV.

Brutus on the Death of Cæsar.—SHAKSPEARE.

ROMANS, Countrymen, and Lovers!—hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him! There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition!—Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak! for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.—

None? then none have I offended! I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the ben-

fit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as, which of you shall not? With this I depart—that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

LESSON CXV.

Mark Antony's Oration.—IB.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen! lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar!—Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious—
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man!
So are they all! all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me—
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man!
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man!
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man!
I speak, not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me.
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world—now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence!
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men!—
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men!—
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
I found it in his closet—'tis his will!
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue!
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
You all do know this mantle? I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent—
That day he overcame the Nervii!——
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made!—
Through this—the well-belovéd Brutus stabb'd!
And, as he pluck'd his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As, rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel!
Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This, this was the unkindest cut of all!
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart!
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue—
Which all the while ran blood!—great Cæsar fell!
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us!
Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—look you here!
Here is himself—marr'd, as you see, by traitors!——
Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed, are honourable!—
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves his friend—and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him—
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

LESSON CXVI.

On Increasing the Army, preparatory to the War of 1812.—J. C. CALHOUN.

SIR, I think a regular force, raised for a period of actual hostilities, cannot be called a standing army. There is a just distinction between such a force and one raised

as a peace establishment. Whatever may be the composition of the latter, I hope the former will consist of some of the best materials of the country. The ardent patriotism of our young men, and the reasonable bounty in land, which is proposed to be given, will impel them to join their country's standard and to fight her battles; they will not forget the citizen in the soldier, and, in obeying their officer, learn to contemn their constitution.

In our officers and soldiers we will find patriotism no less pure and ardent than in the private citizen; but if they should be depraved, as represented, what have we to fear from twenty-five or thirty thousand regulars? Where will be the boasted militia of the gentleman? Can one million of militia be overpowered by thirty thousand regulars? If so, how can we rely on them against a foe invading our country? Sir, I have no such contemptuous idea of our militia; their untaught bravery is sufficient to crush all foreign and internal attempts on their country's liberties.

But we have not yet come to the end of the chapter of dangers. The gentleman's imagination, so fruitful on this subject, conceives that our constitution is not calculated for war, and that it cannot stand its rude shock. This is rather extraordinary: we must then depend upon the pity or contempt of other nations, for our existence? The constitution, it seems, has failed in its essential part, "to provide for the common defence." No, says the gentleman from Virginia, it is competent for a defensive, but not an offensive war.

It is not necessary for me to expose the error of this opinion. Why make the distinction in this instance? Will he pretend to say, that this is an offensive war; a war of conquest? Yes, the gentleman has dared to make this assertion, and for reasons no less extraordinary than the assertion itself. He says our rights are violated on the ocean, and that these violations affect our shipping and commercial rights, to which the Canadas have no relation. The doctrine of retaliation has been much abused of late by an unnatural extension; we are now to witness a new abuse. The gentleman from Virginia has limited it down to a point. By his system, if you receive a blow on the breast, you dare not return it on the head; you are obliged to measure and return it on the precise point on

which it was received. If you do not proceed with this mathematical accuracy, it ceases to be just self-defence; it becomes an unprovoked attack.

The gentleman is at a loss to account for, what he calls, our hatred to England. He asks, how can we hate the country of Locke, of Newton, Hampden and Chatham; a country having the same language and customs with ourselves, and descending from a common ancestry. Sir, the laws of human affections are uniform. If we have so much to attach us to that country, powerful, indeed, must be the cause which has overpowered it.

Yes, sir, there is a cause strong enough: not that occult, courtly affection, which he has supposed to be entertained for France; but it is to be found in continued and unprovoked insult and injury:—a cause so manifest, that the gentleman from Virginia had to exert much ingenuity to overlook it. But, sir, here I think the gentleman, in his eager admiration of England, has not been sufficiently guarded in his argument. Has he reflected on the cause of that admiration? Has he examined the reasons of our high regard for her Chatham? It is his ardent patriotism; the heroic courage of his mind, that could not brook the least insult or injury offered to his country, but thought that her interest and honour ought to be vindicated at every hazard and expense! I hope, when we are called on to admire, we shall also be asked to imitate. I hope the gentleman does not wish a monopoly of those great virtues to remain with that nation!

LESSON CXVII.

The Antiquity of Freedom.—BRYANT.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarléd pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never touch'd by spades, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungather'd. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass

A fragrance from the cedars thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Arm'd to the teeth, art thou: one mailéd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong and struggling. Power at thee has launch'd
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;—
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armourers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shiver'd, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birth-right was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
Thine only foes: and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obey'd,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;

Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His wither'd hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and, uttering graceful words,
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains conceal'd in chaplets. Oh! not yet
May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, or lay by
Thy sword! nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps;
And thou must watch and combat. till the day
Of the new Earth and Heaven. But would'st thou rest
A while from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the inviolated Earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

LESSON CXVIII.

Charade on the Name of the Poet Campbell.—W. M. PRAED.

COME from my First, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh:
And the screaming trump and the thund'ring drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell—
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought:
So forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second! toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light,
And sing the hymn of a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,—

Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, ay, call
The lord of lute, and lay!
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day:
Go, call him by his name,
No fitter hand may crave,
To light the flame of a soldier's fame,
On the turf of a soldier's grave!

LESSON CXIX.

Confidence in God.—ADDISON.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help—omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art!

Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord!
  Thy mercy set me free:
While, in the confidence of prayer,
  My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
  High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
  Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
  Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
  At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
  Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
  And humbly hope for more.

My life—if thou preserve my life—
  Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death—if death must be my doom—
  Shall join my soul to thee.

LESSON CXX.

To One in Affliction.—J. MONTGOMERY.

LIFT up thine eyes, afflicted soul!
  From earth lift up thine eyes,
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
  And daylight beauty dies;
One sun is set—a thousand more
  Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
  In every star a sun.

Thus when some long-loved comfort ends,
  And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heaven ascends,
  And meets ten thousand there;

First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
And stars that seem but points of light,
The rank of suns assume.

LESSON CXXI.

Exhortation against Subjection to Foreign Influence.—GEO. WASHINGTON.

AGAINST the insidious wiles of foreign influence, (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens,) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove, that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate, to see danger only on one side; and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favourite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people,

under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own, to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humour, or caprice?

LESSON CXXII.

Adams and Jefferson.—W. WIRT.

JEFFERSON and Adams were great men by nature. Not great and eccentric minds, "shot madly from their spheres" to affright the world and scatter pestilence in their course; but minds whose strong and steady light, restrained within their proper orbits by the happy poise of their characters, came to cheer and to gladden a world that had been buried for ages in political night. They were heaven-called avengers of degraded man. They came to lift him to the station for which God had formed him, and to put to flight those idiot superstitions with which tyrants had contrived to enthral his reason and his liberty.

And that Being who had sent them upon this mission, had fitted them, pre-eminently, for his glorious work. He filled their hearts with a love of country which burned strong within them, even in death. He gave them a power of understanding which no sophistry could baffle, no art elude; and a moral heroism which no dangers could appal. Careless of themselves, reckless of all personal consequences, trampling under foot that petty ambition of office and honour which constitutes the master passion of little minds, they bent all their mighty powers to the task

for which they had been delegated—the freedom of their beloved country, and the restoration of fallen man.

They felt that they were Apostles of human liberty; and well did they fulfil their high commission. They rested not until they had accomplished their work at home, and given such an impulse to the great ocean of mind, that they saw the waves rolling on to the farthest shore, before they were called to their reward. And then they left the world, hand in hand, exulting, as they rose, in the success of their labours.

Adams and Jefferson were born, the first in Massachusetts, on the 19th of October, 1735; the last in Virginia, on the 2d of April, 1743. On the earliest opening of their characters, it was manifest that they were marked for distinction. They both displayed that thirst for knowledge, that restless spirit of inquiry, that fervid sensibility, and that bold, fearless independence of thought, which are among the surest prognostics of exalted talent; and, fortunately for them, as well as for their country and mankind, the Universities in their respective neighbourhoods opened to their use all the fountains of ancient and modern learning.

With what appetite they drank at these fountains, we need no testimony of witnesses to inform us. The living streams which afterwards flowed from their own lips and pens, are the best witnesses that can be called, of their youthful studies. They were, indeed, of that gifted order of minds, to which early instruction is of little other use than to inform them of their own powers, and to indicate the objects of human knowledge. Education was not with them, as with minor characters, an attempt to plant new talents and new qualities in a strange and reluctant soil. It was the development, merely, of those which already existed.

Thus, the pure and disinterested patriotism of Aristides, the firmness of Cato, and the devotion of Curtius, only awakened the principles that were sleeping in their young hearts, and touched the responding chords with which Heaven had attuned them. The statesman-like vigour of Pericles, and the spirit-stirring energy of Demosthenes, only roused their own lion powers, and informed them of their strength. Aristotle, and Bacon, and Sidney, and

Locke, could do little more than to disclose to them their native capacity for the profound investigation and ascertainment of truth; and Newton taught their power to range among the stars. In short, every model to which they looked, and every great master to whom they appealed, only moved into life the scarcely dormant energies with which Heaven had endued them; and they came forth from the discipline, not decorated for pomp, but armed for battle.

LESSON CXXIII.

Anecdote of Napoleon.—DUCHESS D'ABRANTES.

THE Emperor, on arriving at Brienne, made several inquiries after old Mother Margaret: such was the appellation given to a good wife who occupied a cottage in the midst of the forest, to which the pupils of the military school had, in days of yore, made frequent excursions Napoleon had not forgotten the name, and he learned with no less pleasure than surprise, that the good old dame was still in existence. Continuing his morning ride, he struck into the forest, galloped to the well-known spot, and having dismounted, unceremoniously entered the cottage. Age had somewhat impaired the old woman's sight, and the Emperor's person was much changed.

"Good morning, Mother Margaret," said Napoleon, saluting his hostess; "it seems you have no curiosity to see the Emperor?"

"Yes, but I have; I should like of all things to see him, and I intend to take that basket of fresh eggs to Madame de Brienne, that I may be invited to remain at the *chateau*, and so catch a glimpse of the Emperor. Ah! I shall not see him so well to-day as formerly, when he used to accompany his comrades to old Mother Margaret's and call for a bowl of new milk. To be sure, he was not Emperor then, but no matter; the rest marched before him. He always made them pay me for my milk, eggs, brown bread, and broken crockery, and commenced by paying his own share of the reckoning."

"Then," replied Napoleon, with a smile, "you have not forgotten Bonaparte!"

"Forgotten him! Do you think one could forget such a steady, serious, melancholy-like, young gentleman, so considerate too for the poor? I am a weak old woman, but I always foretold that the lad would turn out well."

"Why, yes; he has made his way."

At the commencement of this short dialogue, the Emperor had turned his back to the door, and consequently to the light; the narrow entrance thus blocked up, the interior of the cottage was left in darkness. By degrees, however, he approached the old woman, and the light again penetrated from without. The Emperor, upon this, rubbing his hands together, and assuming the tone and manners of his early youth—"Come, Mother Margaret," said he, "bestir yourself—some milk and fresh eggs; I am half dead with hunger."

Margaret stared at her visitor, and seemed as though endeavouring to recall her buried recollections.

"Ha, ha!" said the Emperor, laughing; "how positive you were just now that you had not forgotten Bonaparte! we are old acquaintances, dame!"

Meanwhile, old Margaret had fallen at the Emperor's feet.

Raising her with unaffected kindness,—"Have you nothing to give me, Mother Margaret," said he; "I am hungry—as hungry as a student."

The poor woman, beside herself with joy, hastily laid before her guest some fresh eggs and new milk. His repast finished, Napoleon forced his purse into the hands of his hostess, at the same time observing, "You recollect, Margaret, I used to make every one pay his reckoning. Adieu! I shall not forget you;" and as he again mounted his horse and rode away, the old Dame, weeping with excess of delight, and straining her eyes to catch a last look, could only recompense him with her prayers.

LESSON CXXIV.

Reply to Sir Robert Walpole.—LORD CHATHAM.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail, when the passions have subsided.

The wretch, who after seeing the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, Sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted; and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply, that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator, and a vil-

lain;—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves.

I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves,—nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment. But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them, is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

LESSON CXXV.

Scene from "Pizarro."—SHERIDAN.

Sentinel. Who's there? answer quickly! who's there?

Rolla. (Enters disguised as a monk.) A friar come to visit your prisoner. Inform me, friend, is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

Sen. He is.

Rol. I must speak with him.

Sen. You must not.

Rol. He is my friend.

Sen. Not if he were your brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate?

Sen. He dies at sun-rise.

Rol. Ha! then I am come in time.

Sen. Just—to witness his death.

Rol. Soldier, I must speak with him.

Sen. Back! back! it is impossible.

Rol. I do entreat you, but for one moment.

Sen. You entreat in vain. My orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence

Sen. He brought a pass, which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold: look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them; they are thine.—Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

Sen. Away! Would'st thou corrupt me? me! an old Castilian! I know my duty better.

Rol. Soldier! hast thou a wife?

Sen. I have.

Rol. Hast thou children?

Sen. Four: honest, lovely boys.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them?

Sen. In my native village! even in the cot where myself was born.

Rol. Dost thou love thy children and thy wife?

Sen. Do I love them! God knows my heart: I do.

Rol. Soldier! imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land: what would be thy last request?

Sen. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. O! but if that comrade were at thy prison gate, and should there be told—thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife—what wouldst thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sen. How!

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child. I am come but to receive for her, and for her babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sen. Go in. [*Retires.*

Rol. O, holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain.—Alonzo! Alonzo! my friend! Ha! in gentle sleep! Alonzo—rise!

Al. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, *(returning from the recess,)* I am ready.

Rol. Alonzo! know me.

Al. What voice is that?

Rol. 'Tis Rolla's.

Al. Rolla! my friend! *(Embraces him.)* Heavens!—how could'st thou pass the guard? Did this habit——

Rol. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle; it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon; now take it thou, and fly.

Al. And Rolla——

Rol. Will remain here in thy place.

Al. And die for me? No; rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rol. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's; and from my prison soon will thy arm deliver me; or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted plantain, standing alone amid the sandy desert. Nothing smiles or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father; the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hangs upon thy life. Go, go, Alonzo! Go, to save, not thyself, but Cora and thy child!

Al. Urge me not thus, my friend. I had prepared to die in peace.

Rol. To die in peace! devoting her you've sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death! For be assured, the state I left her in, forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

Al. O Heavens!

Rol. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, now heed me well. I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledged his word, and shrunk from its fulfilment. If thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life in thee, no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence; and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side, with the assured conviction, that Cora and thy child are lost for ever!

Al. O Rolla! you distract me!

Rol. A moment's further pause, and all is lost. The dawn approaches. Fear not for me. I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission. I shall gain time, doubt not, while thou with a chosen band, passing the secret way, mayst at night return, release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes, hasten, dear Alonzo. Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee. Haste! haste! haste!

Al. Rolla, I fear your friendship drives me from honour, and from right.

Rol. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend?

Al. O, my preserver! [*Embracing him.*

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek. Go; I am rewarded. (*Throws the friar's garment over* ALONZO.) There, conceal thy face; and that they may not clink, hold fast thy chains. Now, God be with thee!

Al. At night we meet again. Then,—so aid me heaven! I return to save, or perish with thee! [*Exit.*

Rol. He has passed the outer porch—he is safe! He will soon embrace his wife and child! Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again! Yes, there! (*lifting his hands to heaven*) assuredly we shall meet again; there possess in peace, the joys of everlasting love and friendship: on earth, imperfect and embittered! (*Retires in the recess.*)

LESSON CXXVI.

Van Artevelde's Address to the Men of Ghent.—TAYLOR.

SIRS, ye have heard these knights discourse to you
Of your ill fortunes, telling on their fingers
The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.
True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs;
And ill would it become us to make light
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall.
They died like heroes; for no recreant step
Had e'er dishonour'd them, no stain of fear,
No base despair, no cowardly recoil.
They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.
But had they guess'd, or could they but have dreamed,
The great examples which they died to show
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,
That men should say, "For liberty these died,
Wherefore let us be slaves,"—had they thought this,
Oh, then, with what an agony of shame,
Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
Had their great spirits parted hence for heaven!

What! shall we teach our chroniclers henceforth
To write, that in five bodies were contained
The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five defunct,
The heartless town, by brainless counsel led,
Deliver'd up her keys, stript off her robes,
And so with all humility besought
Her haughty lord that he would scourge her lightly!
It shall not be—no, verily! for now,
Thus looking on you as ye stand before me,
Mine eye can single out full many a man
Who lacks but opportunity to shine
As great and glorious as the chiefs that fell.—
But lo! the Earl is mercifully minded!
And surely if we, rather than revenge
The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
And fall upon our knees, and say we've sinned,
Then will my lord the Earl have mercy on us!
And pardon us our letch for liberty!
What pardon it shall be, if we know not,
Yet Yprés, Courtray, Grammont, Bruges, they know;
For never can those towns forget the day
When by the hangman's hands five hundred men,
The bravest of each guild, were done to death
In those base butcheries that he called pardons.
And did it seal their pardons, all this blood?
Had they the Earl's good love from that time forth?
Oh, sirs! look round you, lest ye be deceived;
Forgiveness may be spoken with the tongue,
Forgiveness may be written with the pen,
But think not that the parchment and mouth pardon
Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
There's that betwixt you been which men remember
Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot,—
Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
From which no morrow's mischief rouses them.
There's that betwixt you been which you yourselves,
Should ye forget, would then not be yourselves;
For must it not be thought some base men's souls
Have ta'en the seats of yours and turn'd you out,
If, in the coldness of a craven heart,
Ye should forgive this bloody-minded man
For all his black, and murderous, monstrous crimes?

Think of your mariners, three hundred men,
After long absence in the Indian seas
Upon their peaceful homeward voyage bound,
And now, all dangers conquer'd, as they thought,
Warping the vessels up their native stream,
Their wives and children waiting them at home
In joy, with festal preparation made,—
Think of these mariners, their eyes torn out,
Their hands chopped off, turn'd staggering into Ghent,
To meet the blasted eye-sight of their friends!
And was not this the Earl? 'Twas none but he!
No Hauterive of them all had dared to do it,
Save at the express instance of the Earl!
And now what asks he?
Three hundred citizens to be surrendered
Up to that mercy which I tell you of—
That mercy which your mariners prov'd—which steep'd
Courtray and Yprés, Grammont, Bruges, in blood!
Three-hundred citizens,—a secret list,
No man knows who—not one can say he's safe—
Not one of you so humble, but that still
The malice of some secret enemy
May whisper him to death—and hark—look to it!
Have some of you seem'd braver than your fellows,
Their courage is their surest condemnation;
They are mark'd men—and not a man stands here
But may be so!

LESSON CXXVII.

Consumption.—PERCIVAL.

There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone
And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,

That ever in fabled garden blew
Or ever was steeped in fragrant dew,
When all that was bright and fair is fled
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close
Like the perfume scenting the withered rose,
For a nameless charm around her plays
And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has poured her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones that sweetly speak
Of a spirit who longs for a purer day
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth, and the spring of feeling,
When life like a sunny spring is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments that pleasure hath
Are poured from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn;
In her lightness of heart to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment that lies
Like a fairy dream in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart, in its fulness, flowing o'er
With a few big drops that are soon repressed
For short is the stay of grief in her breast;—
In this enlivened and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power;
But dearer the calm and quiet day
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper that tells of early death
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose;
And the lip that swelled with a living glow
Is pale as a curl of new fallen snow,
And her cheek like the Parian stone is fair
But the hectic spot that flushes there,
When the tide of life from its secret dwelling
In a sudden gush is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips—
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds in Autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honour the sun at his golden set;—
O! then, when the spirit is taking wing
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long-imprinted kiss;
So fondly the panting camel flies
Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mothers breast,
And though her dying voice be mute
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires;
And her last fond lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

LESSON CXXVIII.

Heaven in Prospect.—HENRY VAUGHAN: A. D. 1650.

They are all gone into a world of light
And I alone sit lingering here:
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove;
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dressed
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are, at best, but dull and hoary
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O, holy hope and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
And into glory peep.

O, Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee,
Resume thy Spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

LESSON CXXIX.

Address to the Ocean.—BYRON.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports, was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LESSON CXXX.

The Jubilee of the Constitution.—J. Q. Adams.

This is the day of your commemoration:—the day when the Revolution of Independence being completed, the new confederated Republic, announced to the world, as the United States of America—*constituted* and organized under a government founded on the principles of the Declaration of Independence—was to hold her course along the lapse of time among the civilized nations of the earth.

From this point of departure we have looked back to the origin of the Union; to the conflict of war by which the severance from the mother-country, and the release from the thraldom of a trans-Atlantic monarch, were effected, and to the more arduous and gradual progression by which the new government had been constructed to take the place of that which had been cast off and demolished.

The first object of the people, declared by the Constitution as their motive for its establishment, *to form a more perfect Union*, had been attained by the establishment of the Constitution itself; but this was yet to be demonstrated by its practical operation in the establishment of justice, in the ensurance of domestic tranquillity, in the provision for the common defence, in the promotion of the general welfare, and in securing the blessings of liberty to the

people themselves, the authors of the Constitution, and to their posterity.

These are the great and transcendental objects of all legitimate government, the primary purposes of all human associations. For these purposes the confederation had been instituted, and had signally failed for their attainment. How far have they been attained under this new national organization?

It has abided the trial of time. This day fifty years have passed away since the first impulse was given to the wheels of this political machine. The generation by which it was constructed, has passed away. Not one member of the Convention who gave this Constitution to their country, survives. They have enjoyed its blessings so far as they were secured by their labours. They have been gathered to their fathers. That posterity for whom they toiled, not less anxiously than for themselves, has arisen to occupy their places, and is rapidly passing away in its turn.

A third generation, unborn upon the day which you commemorate, forms a vast majority of the assembly who now honour me with their attention. Your city which then numbered scarcely thirty thousand inhabitants, now counts its numbers by hundreds of thousands. Your state, then numbering less than double the population of your city at this day, now tells its children by millions. The thirteen primitive states of the revolution, painfully rallied by this constitution to the fold from which the impotence and disuniting character of the confederacy, was already leading them astray, now reinforced by an equal number of younger sisters, and all swarming with an active, industrious, and hardy population, have penetrated from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, and opened a paradise upon the wilds watered by the father of the floods.

The Union, which at the first census, ordained by this Constitution, returned a people of less than four millions of souls; at the next census, already commanded by law, the semi-centural enumeration since that day, is about to exhibit a return of seventeen millions. Never since the first assemblage of men in social union, has there been such a scene of continued prosperity recorded upon the annals of time.

How much of this prosperity is justly attributable to the

Constitution, then first put upon its trial, may perhaps be differently estimated by speculative minds. Never was a form of government so obstinately, so pertinaciously contested before its establishment—and never were human foresight and sagacity more disconcerted and refuted by the event, than those of the opposers of the Constitution. On the other hand, its results have surpassed the most sanguine anticipations of its friends. Neither Washington, nor Madison, nor Hamilton, dared to hope that this new experiment of government would so triumphantly accomplish the purposes which the confederation had so utterly failed to effect.

The Declaration of Independence had promulgated principles of government, subversive of all unlimited sovereignty and all hereditary power—principles, in consistency with which no conqueror could establish by violence a throne to be trodden by himself and by his posterity, for a space of eight hundred years. The foundations of government laid by those who had burnt by fire and scattered to the winds of Heaven, the ashes of this conqueror's throne, were human rights, responsibility to God, and the consent of the people. Upon these principles, the Constitution of the United States was formed, was organized, and carried into execution, to abide the test of time.

LESSON CXXXI.

A Literary Dinner.—IRVING.

MR. Buckthorn called upon me, and took me with him to a regular literary dinner, given by a great bookseller, or rather a company of booksellers. I was surprised to find between twenty and thirty guests assembled, most of whom I had never seen before. Mr. Buckthorn explained this to me, by informing me that this was a business-dinner, or kind of field-day, which the house gave about twice a year to its authors. It is true, they did occasionally give snug dinners to three or four literary men at a time; but then these were generally select authors, favourites of the public, such as had arrived at their sixth or seventh editions

"There are," said he, "certain geographical boundaries in the land of literature, and you may judge tolerably well of an author's popularity by the wine his bookseller gives him. An author crosses the port line about the third edition, and gets into claret; and when he has reached the sixth or seventh, he may revel in champaigne and burgundy."

"And pray," said I, "how far may these gentlemen have reached that I see round me; are any of these claret drinkers?"

"Not exactly, not exactly. You find at these great dinners the common steady run of authors, one, two-edition men; or, if any others are invited, they are aware that it is a kind of republican meeting. You understand me—a meeting of the republic of letters; and they must expect nothing but plain, substantial fare."

These hints enabled me to comprehend more fully the arrangement of the table. The two ends were occupied by two partners of the house; and the host seemed to have adopted Addison's idea as to the literary precedence of his guests. A popular poet had the post of honour; opposite to whom was a hot-pressed traveller in quarto, with plates. A grave-looking antiquary, who had produced several solid works, that were much quoted and little read, was treated with great respect, and seated next to a neat dressy gentleman in black, who had written a thin, genteel, hot-pressed octavo on political economy, that was getting into fashion. Several three-volume-duodecimo men, of fair currency, were placed about the centre of the table; while the lower end was taken up with small poets, translators, and authors, who had not yet risen into much notoriety.

The conversation during dinner was by fits and starts; breaking out here and there, in various parts of the table, in small flashes, and ending in smoke. The poet, who had the confidence of a man on good terms with the world, and independent of his bookseller, was very gay and brilliant, and said many clever things which set the partner next him in a roar, and delighted all the company. The other partner, however, maintained his sedateness, and kept carving on, with the air of a thorough man of business, intent upon the occupation of the moment. His gravity was ex

plained to me by my friend Buckthorn. He informed me that the concerns of the house were admirably distributed among the partners. "Thus, for instance," said he, "the grave gentleman is the carving partner, who attends to the joints; and the other is the laughing partner, who attends to the jokes."

The general conversation was chiefly carried on at the upper end of the table, as the authors there seemed to possess the greatest courage of the tongue. As to the crew at the lower end, if they did not make much figure in talking, they did in eating. Never was there a more determined inveterate, thoroughly-sustained attack on the trencher, than by this phalanx of masticators. When the cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate, they grew very merry and jocose among themselves. Their jokes, however, if by chance any of them reached the upper end of the table, seldom produced much effect. Even the laughing partner did not seem to think it necessary to honour them with a smile; which my neighbour Buckthorn accounted for, by informing me that there was a certain degree of popularity to be obtained before a bookseller could afford to laugh at an author's jokes.

After dinner we retired to another room to take tea and coffee, where we were reinforced by a cloud of inferior guests—authors of small volumes in boards, and pamphlets stitched in blue paper. These had not as yet arrived at the importance of a dinner invitation, but were invited occasionally to pass the evening "in a friendly way." They were very respectful to the partners, and, indeed, seemed to stand a little in awe of them; but they paid devoted court to the lady of the house, and were extravagantly fond of the children. Some few, who did not feel confidence enough to make such advances, stood shyly off in corners, talking to one another; or turned over the portfolios of prints, which they had not seen above five thousand times, or mused over the music on the forte-piano.

The poet and the thin octavo gentlemen were the persons most current and at their ease in the drawing-room, being men evidently of circulation in the west end. They got on each side of the lady of the house, and paid her a thousand compliments and civilities, at some of which I thought she would have expired with delight. Every

thing they said and did had the odour of fashionable life. Finding nothing further to interest my attention, I took my departure soon after coffee had been served, leaving the poet, and the thin, genteel, hot-pressed, octavo gentleman, masters of the field.

LESSON CXXXII.

Melancholy Fate of the Indians.—C. SPRAGUE.

I VENERATE the pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead:
We bow to heaven's recorded laws,
He turn'd to Nature for a creed;
Beneath the pillar'd dome
We seek our God in prayer;
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worshipped there.
But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt;
To one Divinity with us he knelt—
Freedom! the self-same freedom we adore,
Bade him defend his violated shore.

He saw the cloud, ordain'd to grow,
And burst upon his hills in wo:
He saw his people withering lie,
Beneath the invader's evil eye;
Strange feet were trampling on his fathers' bones!
At midnight hour, he woke to gaze
Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
And listen to his children's dying groans.
He saw, and, maddening at the sight,
Gave his bold bosom to the fight;
To tiger rage his soul was driven;
Mercy was not—nor sought nor given;
The pale man from his lands must fly—
He would be free—or he would die!

And was this savage? Say,
Ye ancient few,
Who struggled through
Young freedom's trial-day,

What first your sleeping wrath awoke?
On your own shores war's 'larum broke?
What turned to gall even kindred blood?
Round your own homes the oppressor stood!
This every warm affection chilled,
This every heart with vengeance thrilled,
And strengthened every hand.
From mound to mound
The word went round—
"Death for our native land!"

Ye mothers, too, breathe ye no sigh,
For them who thus could dare to die?
Are all your own dark hours forgot,
Of soul-sick suffering here?
Your pangs, as from yon mountain spot,*
Death spoke in every booming shot,
That knell'd upon your ear?
How oft that gloomy, glorious tale ye tell,
As round your knees your children's children hang,
Of them, the gallant ones, ye loved so well,
Who to the conflict for their country sprang!
In pride, in all the pride of woe,
Ye tell of them, the brave, laid low,
Who for their birthplace bled;
In pride, the pride of triumph then,
Ye tell of them, the matchless men,
From whom the invaders fled.

And ye, this holy place who throng,
The annual theme to hear,
And bid the exulting song
Sound their great names from year to year;
Ye, who invoke the chisel's breathing grace,
In marble majesty their forms to trace;
Ye, who the sleeping rocks would raise
To guard their dust and speak their praise;
Ye, who, should some other band
With hostile foot defile the land,
Feel that ye, like them, would wake,
Like them the yoke of bondage break,

* Bunker Hill.

Nor leave a battle blade undrawn,
Though every hill a sepulchre should yawn—
Say, have ye not one line for those,
One brother-line to spare,
Who rose but as your fathers rose,
And dared as ye would dare?

LESSON CXXXIII.

The Future Life.—W. C. BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer:
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind—
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of th' unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last:
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me—the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;

And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same belovéd name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

LESSON CXXXIV.

Satan's Reproof of Beelzebub.—MILTON.

FALLEN cherub! to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,

The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves:
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.

LESSON CXXXV.

The Pilgrim Fathers.—JOHN PIERPONT.

THE Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?—
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day
When the Mayflower moor'd below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapp'd the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens look'd dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name!
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,

Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the Pilgrim,—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallow'd spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With their holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

LESSON CXXXVI.

Order of Nature.—POPE.

SEE, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being, which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect—what no eye can see,
No glass can reach—from infinite to thee—
From thee to nothing—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:

From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole, must fall.
Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns rush lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world,
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God!
All this dread order break? For whom? For thee,
Vile worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspires to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame,—
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same.
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease, then, nor Order Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

Submit!—in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blessed as thou can'st bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, in the mortal hour;
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou can'st not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—"Whatever *is*, is *right*."

LESSON CXXXVII.

Edmund Burke.—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE loss of his son had broken the heart of Burke, and in the midst of his thoughts of patriotism, fame and honour, he reverts perpetually to the melancholy recollection. Like some shade of the departed, the image of his dead son starts up before him wheresoever he turns his step. No matter in what great affairs he may be occupied; no matter whether his foot be in the palace or in the field; whether he give counsel to the disturbed and anxious minds of the nation, or confound with indignant eloquence and prophetic rebuke the multitude and their profligate teachers, the form of his son always moves before his sight, and he always acknowledges it, as reminding him that the world is closed upon his hopes and beckoning him to the grave. To others, this perpetual grief might be unmanly, because it would *unman*. To Burke's powerful and philosophic mind it diminished nothing of power, of generous zeal, of lofty perseverance. It solemnized and sanctified. It palpably mingled the elevation of sacred feeling with the energies of his original genius.

The bold partizan, the vigorous actor in public life, has disappeared. His views are more general, less concerned for triumph than for truth; and, disposed as he was, by nature, to this expansion of view, and making obvious advan-

ces towards it in every successive period of his public career, it was now that he attained the full dignity and purity of his powers. The same blow which had lain his son in the tomb, severed the last link which bound him to public life. The fetter fell away from his wing, and he at once sprang up above all the mists and obstacles which had before narrowed the circle of his vision.

"Had it pleased God," he says with pathetic pride, "to continue to me the hope of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family. I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in honour, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the most distinguished nobles of the land. He had in himself a silent, living spring, of generous and manly action. Every day he lived, he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever, but in the performance of some duty. At this moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied."

Then follows the passage which has been so often panegyrized, and which, like some triumphal arch of Rome, at once a trophy and an emblem of mortality, will sustain, by the richness of its workmanship, all the admiration that can be lavished on its architect to the end of time:—"But a Disposer, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and—whatever my querulous weakness might suggest—a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie, like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours—I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I must unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice. But, while I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate man. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending those ill-natured neighbours of his, who vi

sited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone, I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me, have gone before me. They who should have been to me a posterity, are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation—which ever must subsist in memory—that act of piety, which he would have performed for me. I owe to him to show that he was not descended from an unworthy parent."

LESSON CXXXVIII.

Character of Lord Bacon.—T. B. MACAULAY.

ONE of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of Bacon's mind, is the order in which its powers expanded themselves. With him the fruit came first and remained till the last; the blossoms did not appear till late. In general the development of the fancy is to the development of the judgment, what the growth of a girl is to the growth of a boy. The fancy attains at an earlier period to the perfection of its beauty, its power, and its fruitfulness; and, as it is first to ripen, it is also first to fade. It has generally lost something of its bloom and freshness before the sterner faculties have reached maturity: and is commonly withered and barren while those faculties still retain all their energy.

It rarely happens that the fancy and the judgment grow together. It happens still more rarely that the judgment grows faster than the fancy. This seems, however, to have been the case with Bacon. His boyhood and youth appear to have been singularly sedate. His gigantic scheme of philosophical reform is said by some writers to have been planned before he was fifteen; and was undoubtedly planned while he was still young. He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately, when he gave his first work to the world, as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness, and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth.

It is painful to turn back from contemplating Bacon's philosophy, to contemplate his life. Yet, without so turning back, it is impossible to fairly estimate his powers. He left the University at an earlier age than that at which most people repair thither. While yet a boy he was plunged into the midst of diplomatic business. Thence he passed to the study of a vast technical system of law, and worked his way up through a succession of laborious offices to the highest post in his profession. In the meantime he took an active part in every Parliament; he was an adviser of the crown; he paid court with the greatest assiduity and address to all whose favour was likely to be of use to him; he lived much in society; he noted the slightest peculiarities of character and the slightest changes of fashion.

Scarcely any man has led a more stirring life than that which Bacon led from sixteen to sixty. Scarcely any man has been better entitled to be called a thorough man of the world. The founding of a new philosophy, the imparting of a new direction to the minds of speculators—this was the amusement of his leisure, the work of hours occasionally stolen from the Woolsack and the Council Board. This consideration, while it increases the admiration with which we regard his intellect, increases also our regret that such an intellect should so often have been unworthily employed. He well knew the better course, and had, at one time, resolved to pursue it.

"I confess," said he, in a letter written when he was still young, "that I have as vast contemplative ends, as I have moderate civil ends." Had his civil ends continued to be moderate, he would have been not only the Moses, but the Joshua of philosophy. He would have fulfilled a large part of his own magnificent predictions. He would not merely have pointed out, but would have divided the spoil. Above all, he would have left not only a great, but a spotless name. Mankind would then have been able to esteem their illustrious benefactor.

We should not then be compelled to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration, with mingled aversion and gratitude. We should not then regret that there should be so many proofs of the narrowness and selfishness of a heart, the benevolence of which was yet large enough to take in all races and all ages. We should not

then have to blush for the disingenuousness of the most devoted worshipper of speculative truth, for the servility of the boldest champion of intellectual freedom. We should not then have seen the same man at one time far in the van, and at another time far in the rear of his generation. We should not then be forced to own, that he who first treated legislation as a science, was among the last Englishmen who used the rack; that he who first summoned philosophers to the great work of interpreting nature, was among the last Englishmen who sold justice. And we should conclude our survey of a life placidly, honourably, beneficially passed, "in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries," with feelings very different from those with which we now turn away from the checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame.

LESSON CXXXIX.

On the Downfall of Poland.—CAMPBELL.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous Horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height, survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid:
'O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our COUNTRY yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear, for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;

Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
REVENGE, OR DEATH!—the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain—alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her bright career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

LESSON CXL.

Saturday Evening.—BULWER.

THE week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on,
Rest—rest in peace—thy daily toil is done;
And standing, as thou standest, on the brink
Of a new scene of being, calmly think
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be,
As one that trembles on eternity.
For sure as this now closing week is past,
So sure advancing Time will close my last—
Sure as to-morrow, shall the awful light
Of the eternal morning hail my sight.

Spirit of good! on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of thy hand;
That hand which leads me gently, calmly still,
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome, thorny hill,
Thou, thou in every storm hast sheltered me
Beneath the wing of thy benignity;
A thousand writhe upon the bed of pain:
I live—and pleasure flows through every vein
A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent,
And I exist—thy mercy's monument!

Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand;
I, circled by ten thousand mercies, stand;
How can I praise thee, Father! how express
My debt of rev'rence and of thankfulness!
A debt that no intelligence can count,
While every moment swells the vast amount;
For the week's duties thou hast given me strength,
And brought me to its peaceful close at length,
And here my grateful bosom fain would raise
A fresh memorial to thy glorious praise.

LESSON CXLI.

God.—BOWRING.

[Translated from the Russian of DERZHAVIN.]

O THOU Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all Beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being, whom we call God!—and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep; may count
The sands, or the sun's rays; but, God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence. Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation: all
Sprang forth from thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin;—all life, all beauty thine.

Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious! great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee;
And, as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the moon to night.

Yes; as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,—
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,—
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness; is a cipher brought
Against infinity! Oh! what am I then?—Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Nought! But I live, and on hope's pinions fly,
Eager, towards thy presence; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God; and surely *thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart.
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch—and a slave! a worm—a god!
Whence came I here, and how so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For, from itself alone, it could not be!

Creator, yes: thy wisdom and thy word
Created me! Thou Source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its Source—to Thee—its Author, there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blessed!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadow'd image fill our breast
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God, thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good;
'Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

LESSON CXLII.

On Legal Reform.—G. C. VERPLANCK.

In each and every step of legal reformation, I would keep one great principle ever before my eyes. It is to do nothing from mere theory or mere guess; to be guided at every step by an enlightened public opinion, by experience and evidence of the defects of our law at home, or of the advantages of any alteration or modification of the same system in use elsewhere.

Above all, as one not blind to the imperfections of our ancient law, not unwilling to amend its errors or defects, yet loving and honouring its spirit of freedom, its publicity, the republican character of its jury trial, its arbitrations and references, its jealous restriction of courts to the province of judges of the law alone, its confining the arbitrary decision of judges even on the law by the authority of precedent, its numerous guards for the protection of life and liberty—and why should I not also add, its magnificent and instructive learning, quaint and strange, though some of it may be—above all, knowing this law to be, in its main and substantial parts, consonant to the usages and habits of the mass of our people and wrought into our Constitution, statutes, customs, usages, opinions, and very language—I would carefully and zealously preserve it as the ground-work of all improvements. This was the law of our forefathers; under this we ourselves were born and bred. It is susceptible of indefinite improvement without losing its substantial excellencies. Let us then prune off its deformities; let us remedy its defects, whilst we reverently guard its substance.

The wisest and the most efficient reformers, and those whose works last the longest, are they, who, like the framers of our General and State Constitutions, build on the old foundations. Their works have not the systematical beauty of the wholesale reformer, but they prove far more convenient for all the varied uses of society.

A great German poet, (Schiller,) has embodied this truth in noble and philosophical imagery. The path of mere power, to its object, says he, is that of the cannon ball, di-

rect and rapid, but destroying everything in its course, and destructive even to the end it reaches. Not so the road of human usages, which is beaten by the old intercourse of life; that path winds this way and that, along the river or around the orchard, and securely though slowly, arrives at last at its destined end. "That," says he, "is the road on which blessings travel."

The same general truth may be often seen exemplified in our republican legislation. There is a legislation, altering, reforming, innovating; but all upon deliberate investigation, slow and cautious inquiry, and consultation in every quarter where light and knowledge may be gained. There is also the legislation of mere theory—sometimes the theory of the closet speculative reasoner—much oftener that of another sort of theorist, who calls himself a practical man, because he infers his hasty general rules from his own narrow single experience—(narrow, because single)—as a judge, a lawyer, or a legislator. Such legislation, when it prescribes great and permanent rules of action, resembles the rail road of the half learned engineer, who runs it straight to its ultimate end over mountain and valley, through forest and morass. Disregarding alike the impediments of nature and the usages and the wants of human dealings, he attains his end by the shortest way, but at an immense expense, with an utter disregard of private rights and public convenience.

A wiser and a better way is that which, in adopting the improvements of modern science, applies them skilfully in the direction that experience has found to be the most easy, or which time, or custom, or even accident has made familiar, and therefore convenient. That road winds round the mountain and skirts the morass, turns off to the village or the landing-place, respects the homestead and the garden, and even the old hereditary trees of the neighbourhood, and all the sacred rights of property. This is the road on which human life moves easily and happily—upon which "blessings come and go."

Such may we make that road on which justice shall take its regular and beneficent circuit throughout our land—such is the character we may give to our jurisprudence, if we approach the hallowed task of legal reform in the right spirit—if we approach it, not rashly but reverently—with-

out pride or prejudice—free alike from the prejudice that clings to every thing that is old, and turns away from all improvement; and from the pride of opinion, that, wrapped in fancied wisdom, disdains to profit either by the experience of our own times or the recorded knowledge of past generations.

LESSON CXLIII.

Capabilities of Humanity.—S. S RANDALL.

IT is a beautiful provision of our nature, fraught alike with intimations of its immortality, its native grandeur and upward tendency, that visions of greater excellence than any we can realize in our every-day life; aspirations for a higher and nobler sphere of action than we find attainable within the confined limits which encompass us on every hand; and a faint appreciation of ideal beauty and sublimity, which, yet, with our limited faculties, we cannot hope except in imagination, to comprehend or realize—often hover around us in our better moments, and seem as with the whispering of angels' voices to bring us the intelligence and the foretaste of a brighter and purer world.

There are depths in the mind of every intelligent human being, to which the shafts of philosophy have never yet penetrated; wells of living water, whose sources lie concealed far beneath the visible surface of character or emotion, which nevertheless are accessible to him who faithfully explores the deep mysteries of his being, and which, when touched by the magic wand of truth and nature, can cause the "wilderness and the solitary places" of passion, of error and of guilt, to "bud and blossom as the rose." "There is," says Coleridge, "a one heart for the whole mighty mass of humanity, and every pulse in each particular vessel, strives to beat in concert with it."

That millions of the race pass through the world, in ignorance of the capabilities of their nature, of its innumerable chords of harmony, and its myriad sources of enjoyment—and that millions, perhaps, in all coming time will overlook the flowers of happiness scattered in bounteous profusion around their daily path, in the vain pursuit of unattainable and imaginary sweets, militates in no respect

against the truth of this sentiment; and while the reflection that this is, and will be the wayward fortune of humanity, should induce deep humility in view of the errors, frailties and weaknesses of our common nature, the expanding circle of light, increasing by little and little, with every revolution of the wheels or time, may hopefully be deemed the harbinger of a brighter and better day. "The Eden of human nature has indeed long been trampled down and desolated, and storms waste it continually; nevertheless, the soil is still rich with the gems of its pristine beauty; the colors of Paradise are sleeping in the clods—and a little favor, a little protection, shall show what once was there!"

LESSON CXLIV.

The Poet of Solitude.—SHELLEY.

There was a poet, whose untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence rear'd,
But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness:
A lovely youth; no mourning maiden decked
With weeping flowers, or white cypress wreath
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep:—
Gentle and brave and generous—no lone bard
Breath'd o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh—
He lived, he died, he sang, in solitude.

By solemn vision, and bright silver dream
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
And sound, from the vast earth and ambient air,
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses;
The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
And knew. When early youth had pass'd, he left
His cold fire side, and alienated home
To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands.
Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness
Has loved his fearful steps; and he has bought
With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage men

His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps,
He, like her shadow has pursued, where'er
The red volcano over-canopies
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice
With burning smoke; or, where bitumen lakes
On black, bare pointed islets ever beat
With sluggish surge, or where the secret caves
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs
Of fire and poison, inaccessible
To avarice or pride, their starry domes
Of diamond and of gold, expand above
Numberless and immeasurable halls,
Frequent with crystal column and clear shrines
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty
Than gems or gold, the varying of heaven
And the green earth, lost in his heart its claims
To love and wonder: he would linger long
In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,
Until the doves and squirrels would partake
From his innocuous hands, his bloodless food,
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks;
And the wild antelope, that starts whene'er
The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspends
Her timid steps, to gaze upon a form
More graceful than her own.
His wandering step,
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old—
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange—
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated Sphinx—
Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man—where marble demons watch
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,
He lingered, poring on memorials
Of the world's youth; through the long, burning days

Gazed on those speechless shapes; nor, when the moon
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

LESSON CXLIV.

Quarrel Scene, from Douglas.—Rev. John Home.

Glenalvon and Norval.

Glen. Has Norval seen the troops?
Nor. The setting sun,
With yellow radiance, lightened all the vale;
And, as the warriors moved, each polished helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climbed: and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seemed
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.
Glen. Thou talk'st it well! no leader of our host,
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.
Nor. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty,
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since, no part, is mine,
Of praise, pertaining to the great in arms.
Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir! Your martial deeds,
Have ranked you with the great: but mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favour, now exalts your youth,
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you:
Give them all honour; seem not to command;
Else, they will scarcely brook your late-sprung pow'r,
Which, nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.
Nor. Sir!—I have been accustomed, all my days,
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;
And though I have been told, that there are men,
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn;
Yet, in such language I am little skilled.

Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,—
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?
Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now, I see, is great.
Nor. My pride?
Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper;
Your pride's excessive! yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn!
Nor. A shepherd's scorn!
Glen. Yes;—if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said, in secret,—"You are no match for me,"
What will become of you?
Nor. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?
Glen. Ha!—dost thou threaten me?
Nor. Didst thou not hear?
Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe,
Had not been questioned thus. But such as thou!
Nor. Whom dost thou think me?
Glen. Norval.
Nor. So I am;
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?
Glen. A peasant's son,—a wandering beggar boy;
At best, no more, even if he speak the truth.
Nor. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?
Glen. Thy truth! Thou'rt all a lie, and false as fiends,
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.
Nor. If I were chained,—unarmed, or bed-rid old,
Perhaps I might revile; but as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval,
Is of a race, who strive not but with deeds!
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee——what thou art——I know thee well.
Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to rule
Ten thousand slaves like thee?
Nor. Villain!—no more;—

Draw, and defend thy life. *(they draw their swords.)* I did design,
To have defied thee in another cause;
But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now, for my own, and Lady Randolph's wrongs!—
(They fight.)

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord Randolph. Hold!—I command you both;—
The man that stirs, makes me his foe.
Nor. Another voice than thine,
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.
Glen. Hear him, my lord, he's wondrous condescending!
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!
Nor. Now you may scoff in safety.—
(Both sheathe their swords.)
Lord Randolph. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel; then I'll judge betwixt you.
Nor. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak—I will not—cannot speak
The opprobrious words, that I from him have borne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land,
I owe a subject's homage; but, even him,
And his high arbitration I'd reject!
Within my bosom reigns another lord,
Honour—sole judge, and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence, as he came,—alone—but not dishonour'd.
Lord R. Thus far, I'll mediate with impartial voice:
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land,
Now waves his banners o'er her frighted fields.
Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms,
Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.
Glen. I agree to this.
Nor. And I do. *Exit* RANDOLPH.
Glen. Norval,
Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph;

Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow,
Nor, let our strife disturb the gentle dame.
Nor. Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment;
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

LESSON CXLV.

The Child of Earth.—Caroline Norton.

Fainter her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow,
Yet doth she fondly cling to life, and say—
"I am content to die,—but Oh! not now!—
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
Not while bright flow'rs around my footsteps wreathe—
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow;
I am content to die,—but, Oh! not now!"

The spring hath ripen'd into summer time;
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun hath reach'd his burning prime;
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
"Let me not perish while o'er land and sea,
With silent steps the Lord of light moves on;
Not while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow;
I am content to die,—but, Oh! not now!"

Summer is gone; and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo! and winds the eager horn.
"Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream;
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow;
I am content to die,—but, Oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles: snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground:
Autumn hath pass'd away; and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound:
Yet still that prayer ascends: "Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd;
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die,—but, Oh! not now!"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:—
The child of earth is number'd with the dead!
"Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumber may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shadow veils thy darken'd brow:
Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!"

LESSON CXLVI.

The Soul's Glimpses of Immortality.—JANE TAYLOR.

THE soul, at times, in silence of the night,
Has flashes—transient intervals of light;
When things to come, without a shade of doubt,
In dread reality stand fully out.
Those lucid moments suddenly present
Glances of truth, as though the heavens were rent;
And, through the chasm of celestial light,
The future breaks upon the startled sight.
Life's vain pursuits, and time's advancing pace,
Appear with death-bed clearness, face to face;
And immortality's expanse sublime
In just proportion to the speck of time!
Whilst death, uprising from the silent shade,
Shows his dark outline, ere the vision fade!

In strong relief, against the blazing sky
Appears the shadow, as it passes by;
And, though o'erwhelming to the dazzled brain,
These are the moments when the mind is sane.

LESSON CXLVII.

Rienzi's Address to the Men of Rome.—MISS MITFORD.

FRIENDS,
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom:—we are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave;—not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell, a name. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbour—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonour? men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,

A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy, was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans: rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die. Have ye daughters fair? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonoured; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once, again,—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free! her sons
Shall walk with princes!

LESSON CXLVIII.

The Missing Ship.—EPES SARGENT.

GOD speed the noble President! A gallant boat is she,
As ever enter'd harbour, or cross'd a stormy sea:
Like some majestic castle she floats upon the stream;
The good ships moor'd beside her, like pigmy shallops seem!

How will her mighty bulwarks the dashing surges brave!
How will her iron sinews make way 'gainst wind and wave!
Farewell, thou stately vessel! Ye voyagers, farewell!
Securely on that deck shall ye the tempest's shock repel.

The stately vessel left us in all her bold array;
A glorious sight, O landsmen! as she glided down our bay;
Her flags were waving joyously, and, from her ribs of oak,
"*Farewell*" to all the city, her guns in thunder spoke.

Flee, on thy vapoury pinions! back, back to England flee!
Where patient watchers by the strand have waited long for thee;
Where kindred hearts are beating to welcome home thy crew,
And tearful eyes gaze constantly across the waters blue!

Alas, ye watchers by the strand! weeks, months have roll'd away,
But where—where is the President? and why is this delay?
Return, pale mourners, to your homes! ye gaze, and gaze in vain:
O, never shall that pennon'd mast salute your eyes again!

And now our hopes, like morning stars, have, one by one, gone out;
And mute despair subdues at length the agony of doubt;
But still Affection lifts the torch by night along the shore,
And lingers by the surf-beat rocks, to marvel, to deplore!

In dreams I see the fated ship torn by the northern blast;
About her tempest-riven track, the white fog gathers fast;
When lo! above the swathing mist their heads the ice-bergs lift,
In lucent grandeur to the clouds—vast continents adrift!

One mingled shriek of awe goes up at that stupendous sight;
Now, helmsman, for a hundred lives, O guide the helm aright!
Vain prayer! she strikes! and thundering down, the avalanches fall;
Crush'd, whelm'd, the stately vessel sinks—the cold sea covers all!

Anon, unresting fancy holds a direr scene to view;
The burning ship, the fragile raft, the pale and dying crew!
Ah me! was such their maddening fate upon the billowy brine?
Give up, remorseless Ocean! a relic and a sign!

No answer cometh from the deep to tell the tale we dread;
No messenger of weal or woe returneth from the dead:

But Hope, through tears, looks up and sees, from earthly haven driven,
The lost ones meet in fairer realms, where storms reach not—in Heaven!

LESSON CXLIX.

Napoleon and the British Sailor.—CAMPBELL.

I LOVE contemplating apart
From all his homicidal story,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's glory.

'Twas when his banner at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him,—I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam,
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half way over,
With envy: they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover!

A stormy midnight watch he thought
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm the vessel brought
To England nearer!

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw, one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead on the deep
Come shoreward floating!

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live-long day—laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working!

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description! such a wretched wherry,
Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or cross'd a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,—
'Twould make the very boldest shudder,—
Untarr'd—uncompass'd—and unkeeled—
No sail—no rudder!

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows,
And, thus equipped, he would have passed
The foaming billows.

The French guard caught him on the beach,
His little argus sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him came to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace or danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:

"Rash youth, that wouldst that channel pass,
With twigs and staves so rudely fashion'd,
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But—absent, years, from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

And so thou shalt!" Napoleon said;
"You have my favour justly won:
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son!"

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scarcely shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

LESSON CL.

From the Tragedy of "Velasco."—EPES SARGENT.

Gonzalez. SIR, a word with you.
De Lerma. I am a listener—an impatient one—
'Twere best that this encounter should be brief.
Gon. This haughtiness! My lord, the king, 'tis said,
Refuses to admit the Emperor's claim.
De Ler. Thank heaven the king's no recreant, no coward,
But a Castilian, heart and hand, my lord:
Would I might say the same of all his subjects!
Gon. Throw'st thou the taunt on me?
De Ler. Wherefore this rage,
If thou art innocent?
Gon. De Lerma! Dotard!
(Half unsheaths his sword, but instantly dashes it into the scabbard.)
No, no! thou'rt old and feeble;—and our children—
Oh! do not tamper with my desperation!
(In a sudden burst of passion.) Retract what thou hast said!
De Ler. Not, while the proofs
Appear even now in all thy looks and actions.
Gon. 'Tis false! Thou urgest me to frenzy—thus!
(Strikes him.) It will find vent!
De Ler. A blow! dishonour'd! struck!
(Draws.) Defend thyself, ere I commit a murder.
Gon. With thee I'll not contend: thy arm is nerveless.
The odds are too unequal.
De Ler. Then I rush
Upon thee as thou art.

(As De Lerma rushes upon him, Gonzalez wrests away his sword, and throws it upon the ground.)

Gon. I spare thy life.

De Ler. Oh! spare it not, if mercy thou wouldst show.
Thou givest me back only what thou hast made
A burthen, a disgrace, a misery!
It is a gift, for which I cannot thank thee.

Gon. Keep it, my lord; and let this lesson teach,
What thy gray hairs have fail'd to bring thee—prudence.

[*Exit.*

De Ler. (*Taking up his sword.*) Thou treacherous steel! art thou the same, alas!
Of yore so crimson'd in the Moorish wars?
Methinks there should have been a soul in thee,
The soul of victories and great achievements,
To form a living instrument of vengeance,
And, in the weakness of thy master's arm,
To leap spontaneous to his honour's rescue.
Go! 'tis a mockery to wear thee now.

[*Throws down his sword.*

Struck like a menial! buffeted! degraded!
And baffled in my impotent attack!
O Fate! O Time! Why, when ye took away
From this right arm its cunning and its strength,
Its power to shield from wrong, or to redress,
Did ye not pluck from out this swelling heart
Its torturing sense of insult and of shame?
I am sunk lower than the lowest wretch!
Oh! that the earth might hide me! that I might
Sink fathoms deep beneath its peaceful breast!

[*Retires up the stage.*

(*Enter Velasco.*)

Vel. The peerless Izidora! how my thoughts,
Swept by the grateful memory of her love,
Still bend to her like flowers before the breeze!
They paint her image on vacuity—
They make the air melodious with her voice!
And she—the idol of my boyhood's dreams—
Is now mine own betroth'd! Benignant heavens!
The gulf is pass'd, which threaten'd to divide us,
And the broad Future unobscured expands!

De Ler. (*advancing.*) Oh! be thy vauntings hush'd!

Vel. My father here!
There is distraction in thy haggard looks.

Thou art not well. Let me support thee hence.
De Ler. It is no corporal ill!
Art thou my son?
Vel. My father!
De Ler. In thy feeble childhood, who
Sustain'd thee, rear'd thee, and protected thee?
Vel. It was thyself.
De Ler. And, in thy forward youth,
Who plumed thy soul for glory's arduous flight?
Instructed thee, till in thy martial fame
Thou didst eclipse thy master?
Vel. Thou alone!
And in thy waning age, this arm shall be
Thy shield and thy support!
De Ler. Thou art my son!
Velasco! from a haughty ancestry
We claim descent: whose glory it has been,
That never one of their illustrious line
Was tainted with dishonour. Yesterday
That boast was true—it is no longer true!
Vel. No longer true! Who of our race, my lord,
Has proved unworthy of the name he bears?—
De Ler. I am that wretch.
Vel. Thou! father!
De Ler. Ay. I thought
Thou wouldst shrink from me as a thing accursed!
'Tis right—I taught thee—Thou but mind'st my dictates—
But do not curse me; for there was a time,
When I had fell'd him lifeless at my feet!
The will was strong, although the nerveless arm
Dropp'd palsied to my side.
Vel. My father! speak!
Explain this mystery.
De Ler. I have been struck;
Dograded by a vile and brutal blow!
Oh! thou art silent. Thou wilt not despise me?
Vel. Who was the rash aggressor? He shall die!
Nay, 'twas some serf—there's not the gentleman
In all Castile would lay an unkind hand
Upon thy feebleness. Then, do not think
Thyself disgraced, my honourable father.
Know'st thou th' offender's name?

De Ler. Alas! no serf,
No man of low degree has done this deed—
The aggressor is our equal.
Vel. Say'st thou so?
Then, by my sacred honour, he shall die!
De Ler. Thou wilt hold true to that?
Vel. Have I not said?
Were it the king himself, who dared profane
A single hair upon thy reverend brow,
I would assail him on his guarded throne,
And with his life-blood stain the marble floor!
De Ler. Thou noble scion of a blighted stock!
I yet am strong in thee. Thou shalt avenge
This ignominious wrong.
Vel. Who did it? Speak!
De Ler. Gonzalez did it.
Vel. No, no, no! the air
In fiendish mockery syllabled that name.
It was a dreadful fantasy!
My Lord—
De Ler. Pedro Gonzalez.
Vel. Izidora's father!
De Ler. Oh! thou hast other ties! I did forget.
Go—thou'rt released.
Vel. There must be expiation!
Oh! I am very wretched! But fear not.
There shall be satisfaction or atonement!
De Ler. Thou say'st it. To thy trust I yield mine hon
our. [*Exit*
Vel. While the proud bird soar'd to the noonday sun,
The shaft was sped that dash'd him to the earth!
'Twas wing'd by Fate! 'Tis here! I cannot shrink
From the appalling sense that it is real!
This throbbing brain, this sick and riven heart,
These shudders, that convulse my very soul,
Confirm the dreadful truth. But oh! to think
Of all the wretchedness 'twill bring on *her*,
Her, whose glad tones and joy-bestowing beauty
Seem'd doubly glad and beautiful to-day;
Whose little plans of happiness—
Great Heavens!
It will affright her reason—drive her mad!

It must not be!
And yet, my father wrong'd,
Insulted by a blow—the proud old man,
Who fourscore years has kept his fame unblurr'd,
Now to be so disgraced, and no redress!—
My honour calls! It drowns all other cries!
Love's shrieking woe, and Mercy's pleading voice!
Thus, thus! I cast them off—poor suppliants!
And now, Gonzalez! for revenge and thee! [*Exit.*

LESSON CLI.

Christ Walking on the Water.—MRS. HEMANS.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bow'd.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But one was there, who rose, and said
To the wild sea—be still!

And the wind ceased—it ceased!—that word
Pass'd through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And fell beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast;
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past.

Oh! thou, that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send thy meek spirit forth in power
Soft on our souls to brood.

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
Thy mandate to fulfill,
Oh! speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, *Peace, be still!*

LESSON CLII.

Wallenstein's Reflections on hearing of the Death of young Piccolomini.—SCHILLER.

Translated by Coleridge.

He is gone — is dust!
He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finish'd!
For him there is no longer any future.
His life is bright—bright without spot it *was*,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. Oh, 'tis well
With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour,
Veil'd in thick darkness, brings for us?
This anguish will be wearied down, I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest
As from the vilest thing of every day,
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanish'd from my life.
For Oh! he stood beside me, like my youth,—
Transform'd for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn!
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanish'd—and returns not.

LESSON CLIII.

Farewell to Life.—KORNER.

My deep wound burns;—my pale lips quake in death;
I feel my fainting heart resign its strife,
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lord, to thy will I yield my parting breath!

Yet many a dream hath charm'd my youthful eye,
And must life's fairy visions all depart?
Oh, surely no! for all that fired my heart
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.

And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as freedom, now as love,
Stands in seraphic guise, before me now;
And as my failing senses fade away,
It beckons me on high, to realms of endless day!

LESSON CLIV.

Tallien's Denunciation of Robespierre.—COLERIDGE.

OPPRESSION falls. The traitor stands appall'd—
Guilt's iron fangs engrasp his shrinking soul—
He hears assembled France denounce his crimes!
He sees the mask torn from his secret sins—
He trembles on the precipice of fate.
Fall'n, guilty tyrant! Murder'd by thy rage,
How many an innocent victim's blood has stain'd
Fair Freedom's altar! Sylla-like, thy hand
Mark'd down the virtuous, that, thy foes removed,
Perpetual Dictator thou might'st reign,
And tyrannize o'er France, and call it freedom!
Long time in timid guilt the traitor plann'd
His fearful wiles—success emboldened sin—
And his stretch'd arm had grasp'd the diadem
Ere now, but that the coward's heart recoil'd,
Lest France, awaked, should rouse her from her dream,
And call aloud for vengeance. He, like Cæsar,
With rapid step urged on his bold career,
Even to the summit of ambitious power,
And deem'd the name of king alone was wanting.
Was it for this we hurl'd proud Capet down?
Is it for this we wage eternal war
Against the tyrant horde of murderers,
The crowned vipers, whose pernicious venom
Infects all Europe? was it then for this

We swore to guard our liberty with life,
That Robespierre should reign? The spirit of freedom
Is not yet sunk so low. The glowing flame
That animates each honest Frenchman's heart,
Not yet extinguish'd! I invoke thy shade,
Immortal Brutus! I too wear a dagger;
And, if the representatives of France,
Through fear or favour, should delay the sword
Of justice, Tallien emulates thy virtues;
Tallien, like Brutus, lifts the avenging arm;
Tallien shall save his country!

LESSON CLV.

The Song of the Forge.—ANON.

CLANG, clang,
The massive anvils ring:
Clang, clang,
A hundred hammers swing;
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply.
Clang, clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang!—we forge the coulter now,
The coulter of the kindly PLOUGH;
Sweet Mary mother, bless our toil!
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil.

Clang, clang!—our coulter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea;
By many a streamlet's silver tide;
Amidst the song of morning birds,
Amidst the low of sauntering herds,
Amidst soft breezes which do stray
Through woodbine hedges in sweet May,
Along the green hill's side.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land,
  When to the valleys from the brow
Of each resplendent slope is rolled,
A ruddy stream of living gold,—
  We bless, we bless the plough!

Clang, clang!—again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clink, clank!—we forge the giant CHAIN,
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
  'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
  Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
  The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests, though far away,
In boisterous climes, his vessels lay,
  Reliant on our skill.

Say, on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep:
By Afric's pestilential shore,
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar,
By many a palmy western isle,
Basking in Spring's perpetual smile;
  By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
  The crashing broadside makes reply;
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
  For death or victory?

Hurrah!—cling, clang!—once more, what glows,
  Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
  The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang!—a burning shower, clear
  And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
  As our hammers forge the SWORD.

The Sword!—extreme of dread! yet when
  Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
  The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,
How sacred is it then!
Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight;
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas;
Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston, or a Bannockburn;
Or amidst crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, grey Tyrol's hills;
Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide;
Still, still, whene'er the battle word
  Is Liberty,—where men do stand
  For justice and their native land,
Then Heaven bless THE SWORD!

LESSON CLVI.

Scene from "Virginius."—J. S. KNOWLES.

Lucius. VIRGINIUS! you are wanted
In Rome.
Virginius. On what account?
Luc. On your arrival
You'll learn.
Vir. How! is it something can't be told
At once? Speak out, boy! Ha! your looks are loaded
With matter—Is't so heavy that your tongue
Cannot unburthen them? Your brother left
The camp on duty yesterday—hath aught
Happen'd to him? Did he arrive in safety?

Is he safe? Is he well?
Luc. He is both safe and well.
Vir. What then? What then? tell me the matter, Lucius.
Luc. I have said
It shall be told you.
Vir. Shall! I stay not for
That "shall," unless it be so close at hand
It stop me not a moment,—'tis too long
A coming. Fare you well, my Lucius.
Luc. Stay,
Virginius; hear me then with patience.
Vir. Well,
I am patient.
Luc. Your Virginia——
Vir. Stop, my Lucius!
I'm cold in every member of my frame!
If 'tis prophetic, Lucius, of thy news,
Give me such token as her tomb would, Lucius—
I'll bear it better—Silence.
Luc. You are still——
Vir. I thank thee, Jupiter! I am still a father!
Luc. You are, Virginius. Yet——
Vir. What, is she sick?
Luc. No.
Vir. Neither sick nor dead! All well! No harm
Nothing amiss! Each guarded quarter safe,
That fear may lay him down and sleep, and yet
This sounding the alarm! Indeed thou tell'st
A story strangely. Out with't! I have patience
For anything, since my Virginia lives,
And lives in health!
Luc. You are required in Rome
To answer a most novel suit.
Vir. Whose suit?
Luc. The suit of Claudius.
Vir. Claudius!
Luc. Him that's client
To Appius Claudius, the decemvir.
Vir. What!
That pander! Ha! Virginia! You appear
To couple them. What makes my fair Virginia

In company with Claudius? Innocence
Beside lasciviousness! His suit! What suit?—
Answer me quickly!—Quickly! lest suspense,
Beyond what patience can endure, coercing,
Drive reason from his seat!
Luc. He has claim'd Virginia.
Vir. Claim'd her! Claim'd her!
On what pretence?
Luc. He says she is the child
Of a slave of his, who sold her to thy wife.
Vir. Go on: you see I'm calm.
Luc. He seized her in
The school, and dragg'd her to the Forum, where
Appius was giving judgment.
Vir. Dragg'd her to
The Forum! Well! I told you, Lucius,
I would be patient.
Luc. Numitorius there
Confronted him.
Vir. Did he not strike him dead?
True, true, I know it was in presence of
The decemvir. O! had I confronted him!
Well! well! the issue? Well o'erleap all else,
And light upon the issue. Where is she?
Luc. I was despatch'd to fetch thee, ere I could learn.
Vir. The claim of Claudius, Appius's client—
I see the master-cloud—this ragged one,
That lowers before, moves only in subservience
To the ascendant of the other—Jove,
With its own mischief break it and disperse it,
And that be all the ruin! Patience! Prudence!
Nay, prudence, but no patience. Come! a slave
Dragg'd through the streets in open day! My child!
My daughter! my fair daughter, in the eyes
Of Rome! Oh! I'll be patient. Come! the essence
Of my best blood, in the free common ear
Condemn'd as vile! O! I'll be patient. Come!
O! they shall wonder—I will be so patient.
[*Rushes out, followed by* LUCIUS

THE END.

H.M.

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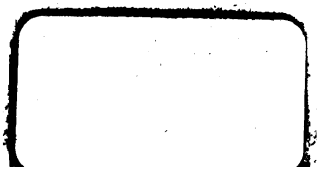
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